# EVERY MAN IN his Humor.

As it hath beene ſundry times *publickly acted by the right* Honorable the Lord Cham-*berlaine his ſeruants.*

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Written by BEN. IOHNSON.

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*Quod non dant proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.*

*Haud tamen inuidias vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.*

First Edition.

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Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to *be ſould at his ſhoppe in Paules Church-yarde.*
1601.

[original has "collated & perfect"

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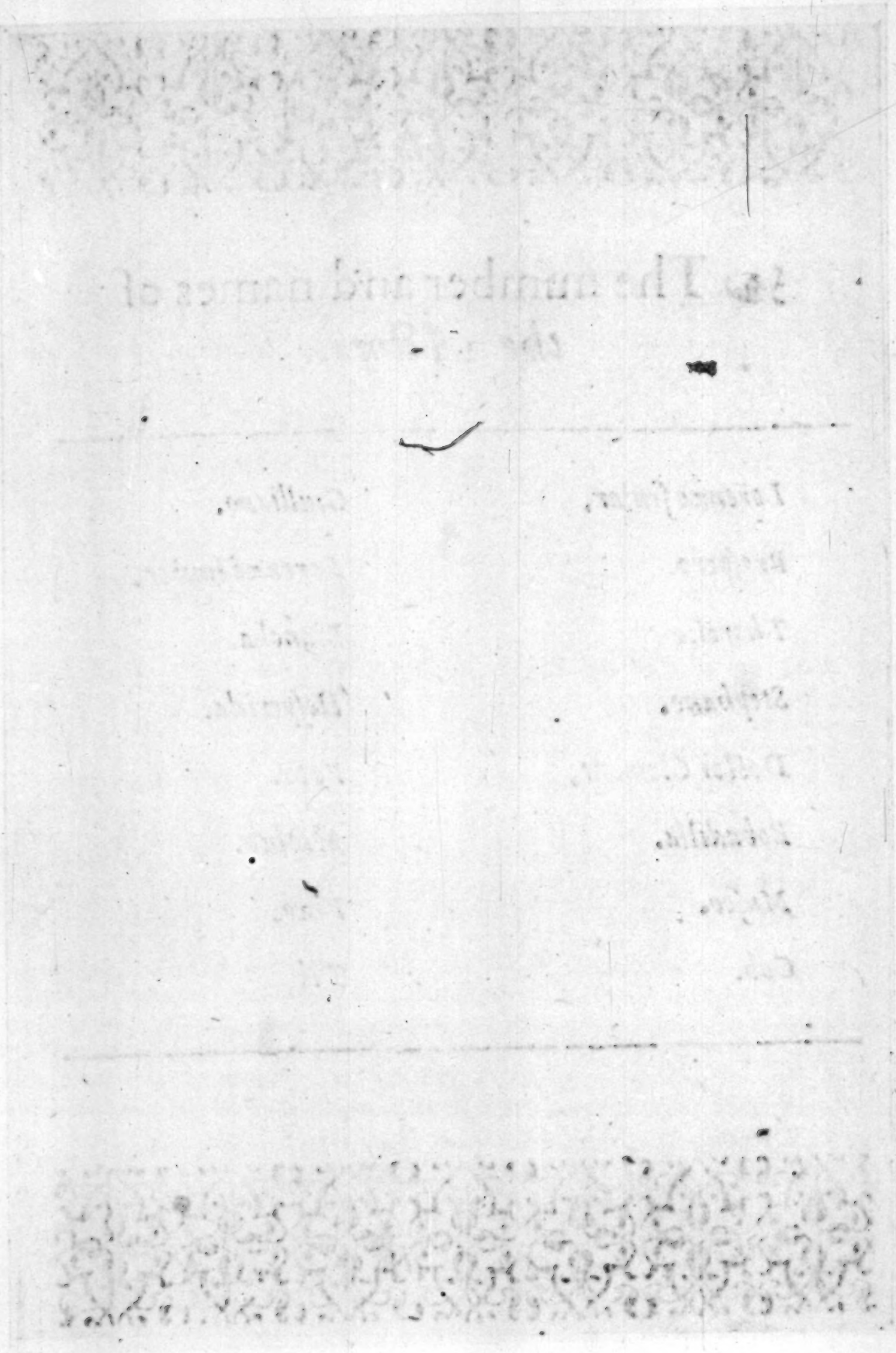
# The number and names of the Actors.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lorenzo ſenior.* | *Giulliano.* |
| *Proſpero.* | *Lorenzo iunior.* |
| *Thorello.* | *Biancha.* |
| *Stephano.* | *Heſperida.* |
| *Doctor Clement.* | *Peto.* |
| *Bobadilla.* | *Matheo.* |
| *Muſco.* | *Pizo.* |
| *Cob.* | *Tib.* |



# EVERY MAN
## in his Humor.

### ACTVS PRIMVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Lorenzo di Pazzi Senior, Muſco.*

NOw truſt me, here's a goodly day toward. *Muſco*, call vp my ſonne *Lorenzo*: bid him riſe: tell him, I haue ſome buſineſſe to imploy him in.

*Muſ.* I will, ſir, preſently.

*Lore.ſe.* But heare you, ſirrah; If he be at ſtudy, diſturbe him not.

*Muſ.* Very good, ſir. *Exit Muſco.*

*Lore.ſe.* How happy would I eſtimate my ſelfe,
Could I (by any meane) retyre my ſonne,
From one vayne courſe of ſtudy he affects?
He is a ſcholler (if a man may truſt
The lib'rall voyce of double-toung'd report)
Of deare account, in all our *Academies*.
Yet this poſition muſt not breede in me
A taſt opinion, that he cannot erre.
My ſelfe was once a *ſtudent*, and indeede
Fed with the ſelfe-ſame humor he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *Poetrie*:
But ſince, Experience hath awakt my ſprit's, *Enter Stephano.*
And reaſon taught them, how to comprehend
The ſoueraigne vſe of ſtudy. What, couſin *Stephano*?
What newes with you, that you are here ſo earely?

*Steph.* Nothing: but eene come to ſee how you doe, vncle.

*Lore.ſe.* That's kindly done, you are welcome, couſin.

*Steph.* I, I know that ſir, I would not haue come elſe: how doeth my couſin, vncle?

*Lore.ſe.* Oh well, well, goe in and ſee; I doubt hee's ſcarce ſtirring yet.

*Steph.* Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, and he haue e're a booke of the ſciences of hawking and hunting? I would

fayne borrow it.

*Lor.* Why I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

*Step.* No wuſſe; but ile practiſe againſt next yeare: I haue bought me a hawke, and bels and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

*Lor.* Oh moſt ridiculous.

*Step.* Nay looke you now, you are angrie vncle, why you know, and a man haue not skill in hawking and hunting now adaies, ile not giue a ruſh for him; hee is for no gentlemans company, and (by Gods will) I ſcorne it I, ſo I doe, to bee a conſort for euerie *hum-drum*; hang them *ſcroiles*, ther's nothing in them in the world, what doe you talke on it? a gentleman muſt ſhew himſelfe like a gentleman, vncle I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to do I trow, I am no nouice.

*Lor.* Go to, you are a prodigal, and ſelfe-wild foole,
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that ſpeake,
Take't as you will, ile not flatter you.
What? haue you not meanes inow to waſt
That which your friends haue left you, but you muſt
Go caſt away your money on a *Buzzard*,
And know not how to keepe it when you haue done?
Oh it's braue, this will make you a gentleman,
Well Coſen well, I ſee you are e'ene paſt hope
Of all reclaime; I ſo, now you are told on it, you looke another way.

*Step.* What would you haue me do trow?

*Lor.* What would I haue you do? mary
Learne to be wiſe, and practiſe how to thriue,
That I would haue you do, and not to ſpend
Your crownes on euerie one that humors you:
I would not haue you to intrude your ſelfe
In euerie gentlemans ſocietie,
Till their affections or your owne deſert,
Do worthily inuite you to the place.
For he thats ſo reſpectleſſe in his courſe,
Oft ſels his reputation vile and cheape.

Let

Let not your cariage, and behauiour taſte
Of affectation, leſt while you pretend
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world
A little puffe of ſcorne extinguiſh it,
And you be left like an vnſauorie ſnuffe,
Whoſe propertie is onely to offend.
Coſen, lay by ſuch ſuperficiall formes,
And entertaine a perfect reall ſubſtance,
Stand not ſo much on your gentility,

*Enter a ſeruingman.*

But moderate your expences (now at firſt)
As you may keepe the ſame proportion ſtill.
Beare a low ſaile: ſoft who's this comes here?

*Ser.* Gentlemen, God ſaue you.

*Step.* Welcome good friend, we doe not ſtand much vpon our gentilitie; yet I can aſſure you mine vncle is a man of a thouſand pounde land a yeare; hee hath but one ſonne in the world; I am his next heire, as ſimple as I ſtand here, if my coſen die: I haue a faire liuing of mine owne too beſide.

*Ser.* In good time ſir.

*Step.* In good time ſir? you do not flout, do you?

*Ser.* Not I ſir.

*Step.* And you ſhould, here be them can perceiue it, and that quickly too: Go too, and they can giue it againe ſoundly, and need be.

*Ser.* Why ſir let this ſatiſfie you. Good faith I had no ſuch intent.

*Step.* By God, and I thought you had ſir, I would talke with you.

*Ser.* So you may ſir, and at your pleaſure.

*Step.* And ſo I would ſir, and you were out of mine vncles ground, I can tell you.

*Lor.* Why how now coſen, will this nere be left?

*Step.* Horſon baſe fellow, by Gods lid, and't were not for ſhame, I would.

*Lor. ſe.* What would you do? you peremptorie Aſſe,

And yowle not be quiet, get you hence,
You ſee, the gentleman contaynes himſelfe
In modeſt limits, giuing no reply
To your vnſeaſon'd rude comparatiues;
Yet yowle demeane your ſelfe, without reſpect
Eyther of duty, or humanity.
Goe get you in: fore God I am aſham'd *Exit Steph.*
Thou haſt a kinſmans intereſt in me.

*Ser.* I pray you, ſir, is this *Pazzi* houſe?

*Lor.ſe.* Yes mary is it, ſir.

*Ser.* I ſhould enquire for a gentleman here, one *Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi*; doe you know any ſuch, ſir, I pray you?

*Lore.ſe.* Yes, ſir: or elſe I ſhould forget my ſelfe.

*Ser.* I crye you mercy, ſir, I was requeſted by a gentleman of Florence (hauing ſome occaſion to ride this way) to deliuer you this letter.

*Lor.ſe.* To me, ſir? What doe you meane? I pray you remember your curt'ſy.

*To his deare and moſt elected friend, Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi.*
What might the gentlemans name be, ſir, that ſent it? Nay, pray you be couer'd.

*Ser.* Signior *Proſpero.*

*Lore.ſe.* Signior *Proſpero*? A young gentleman of the family of *Strozzi*, is he not?

*Ser.* I, ſir, the ſame: Signior *Thorello*, the rich Florentine merchant married his ſiſter. *Enter Muſco.*

*Lore.ſe.* You ſay very true. *Muſco.*

*Muſ.* Sir.

*Lore.ſe.* Make this Gentleman drinke, here.
I pray you goe in, ſir, and't pleaſe you. *Exeunt.*
Now (without doubt) this letter's to my ſonne.
Well: all is one: Ile be ſo bold as reade it,
Be it but for the *ſtyles* ſake, and the *phraſe*;
Both which (I doe preſume) are excellent,
And greatly varied from the vulgar forme,
If *Proſpero's* inuention gaue them life.

How

How now? what ſtuffe is here?

*Sirha* Lorenzo, *I muſe we cannot ſee thee at* Florence: *S'blood, I doubt,* Apollo *hath got thee to be his* Ingle, *that thou commeſt not abroad, to viſit thine old friends: well, take heede of him; hee may doe ſomewhat for his houſhold ſeruants, or ſo; But for his Retayners, I am ſure, I haue knowne ſome of them, that haue followed him, three, foure, fiue yeere together, ſcorning the world with their bare beeles, & at length bene glad for a ſhift, (though no cleane ſhift) to lye a whole winter, in halfe a ſheete, curſing* Charles wayne, *and the reſt of the ſtarres intolerably. But* (quis contra duos?) *well; Sirha, ſweete villayne, come and ſee me; but ſpend one minute in my company, and 'tis inough: I thinke I haue a world of good Ieſts for thee: oh ſirha, I can ſhew thee two of the moſt perfect, rare, & abſolute true* Gulls, *that euer thou ſaw'ſt, if thou wilt come. S'blood, inuent ſome famous memorable lye, or other, to flap thy father in the mouth withall: thou haſt bene father of a thouſand, in thy dayes, thou could'ſt be no* Poet *elſe: any ſcirny roguiſh excuſe will ſerue; ſay thou cam'ſt but to fetch wooll for thine Inke-horne. And then too, thy Father will ſay thy Wits are a wooll-gathering. But it's no matter; the worſe, the better. Any thing is good inough for the old man. Sirha, how if thy Father ſhould ſee this now? what would he thinke of me? Well, (howeuer I write to thee) I reuerence him in my ſoule, for the generall good all* Florence *deliuers of him.* Lorenzo, *I coniure thee (by what, let me ſee) by the depth of our loue, by all the ſtrange ſights we haue ſeene in our dayes, (I or nights either) to come to me to* Florence *this day. Go to, you ſhall come, and let your* Muſes *goe ſpinne for once. If thou wilt not, s'hart, what's your gods name?* Apollo? *I;* Apollo. *If this melancholy rogue* (Lorenzo *here*) *doe not come, graunt, that he doe turne Foole preſently, and neuer hereafter, be able to make a good Ieſt, or a blanke verſe, but liue in more penurie of wit and Inuention, then either the* Hall-Beadle, *or* Poet *Nuntius.*

Well, it is the ſtrangeſt letter that euer I read.
Is this the man, my ſonne (ſo oft) hath prayſ'd
To be the happieſt, and moſt pretious wit
That euer was familiar with Art?

Now (by our Ladies bleſſed ſonne) I ſweare,
I rather thinke him moſt infortunate,
In the poſſeſſion of ſuch holy giftes,
Being the maſter of ſo looſe a ſpirit.
Why what vnhallowed ruffian would haue writ,
With ſo prophane a pen, vnto his friend?
The modeſt paper eene lookes pale for griefe
To feele her virgin-cheeke defilde and ſtaind
With ſuch a blacke and criminall *inſcription*.
Well, I had thought my ſon could not haue ſtraied,
So farre from iudgement, as to mart himſelfe
Thus cheapely, (in the open trade of ſcorne)
To geering *follie*, and fantaſtique *humour*.
But now I ſee *opinion* is a foole,
And hath abuſde my ſences. *Muſco*.

*Enter Muſco.*

*Muſ.* Sir.

*Lor.ſe.* What is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

*Muſ.* Yes ſir, a prettie while ſince.

*Lor.ſe.* And wher's *Lorenzo*?

*Muſ.* In his chamber ſir.

*Lor.ſe.* He ſpake not with the fellow, did he?

*Muſ.* No ſir, he ſaw him not.

*Lor.ſe.* Then *Muſco* take this letter, and deliuer it vnto *Lorenzo*: but ſirra, (on your life) take you no knowledge I haue open'd it.

*Muſ.* O Lord ſir, that were a ieſt in deed. *Exit Muſ.*

*Lor.ſe.* I am reſolu'd I will not croſſe his iourney,
Nor will I practiſe any violent meane,
To ſtay the hot and luſtie courſe of youth.
For youth reſtraind ſtraight growes impatient,
And (in condition) like an eager dogge,
Who (ne're ſo little from his game withheld)
Turnes head and leapes vp at his maſters throat.
Therefore ile ſtudie (by ſome milder drift)

To

To call my ſonne vnto a happier ſhrift. *Exit.*

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Lorenzo iunior, with Muſco.*

*Muſ.* Yes ſir, (on my word) he opend it, & read the contents.

*Lor. iu.* It ſcarſe contents me that he did ſo. But *Muſco* didſt thou obſerue his countenance in the reading of it, whether hee were angrie or pleaſde?

*Muſ.* Why ſir I ſaw him not reade it.

*Lo. iu.* No? how knoweſt thou then that he opend it?

*Muſ.* Marry ſir becauſe he charg'd mee (on my life) to tell no body that he opend it, which (vnleſſe he had done) he wold neuer feare to haue it reueald.

*Lo. iu.* Thats true: well *Muſco* hie thee in againe,
Leaſt thy protracted abſence do lend light, *Enter Stephan.*
To darke ſuſpition: *Muſco* be aſſurde
Ile not forget this thy reſpectiue loue.

*Step.* Oh *Muſco*, didſt thou not ſee a fellow here in a what-ſha-callum doublet; he brought mine vncle a letter euen now?

*Muſ.* Yes ſir, what of him?

*Step.* Where is he, canſt thou tell?

*Muſ.* Why he is gone.

*Step.* Gone? which way? when went he? how long ſince?

*Muſ.* Its almoſt halfe an houre ago ſince he rid hence.

*Step.* Horſon Scanderbag rogue, oh that I had a horſe; by Gods lidde i'de fetch him backe againe, with heaue and ho.

*Muſ.* Why you may haue my maſters bay gelding, and you will.

*Step.* But I haue no boots, thats the ſpite on it.

*Muſ.* Then its no boot to follow him. Let him go and hang ſir.

*Step.* I by my troth; *Muſco*, I pray thee help to truſſe me a liitle; nothing angers mee, but I haue waited ſuch a while for him all vnlac'd and vntruſt yonder, and now to ſee hee is gone the other way.

*Muſ.* Nay I pray you ſtand ſtill ſir.

*Step.* I will, I will: oh how it vexes me.

*Muſ.* Tut, neuer vex: your ſelfe with the thought of ſuch a baſe fellow as he.

*Step.* Nay to ſee, he ſtood vpon poynts with me too.

*Muſ.* Like inough ſo; that was, becauſe he ſaw you had ſo fewe at your hoſe.

*Step.* What? Haſt thou done? Godamercy, good *Muſco*.

*Muſ.* I marle, ſir, you weare ſuch ill-fauourd courſe ſtockings, hauing ſo good a legge as you haue.

*Step.* Fo, the ſtockings be good inough for this time of the yeere; but Ile haue a payre of ſilke, e're it be long: I thinke, my legge would ſhewe well in a ſilke hoſe.

*Muſ.* Iafore God would it rarely well.

*Step.* In ſadneſſe I thinke it would: I haue a reaſonable good legge.

*Muſ.* You haue an excellent good legge, ſir: I pray you pardon me, I haue a little haſte in, ſir.

*Step.* A thouſand thankes, good Muſco. *Exit.*

What, I hope he laughs not at me; and he doe——

*Lo. iun.* Here is a *ſtyle* indeed, for a mans ſences to leape ouer, e're they come at it: why, it is able to breake the ſhinnes of any old mans patience in the world. My father reade this with patience? Then will I be made an *Eunuch*, and learne to ſing Ballads. I doe not deny, but my father may haue as much patience as any other man; for hee vſes to take phiſicke, and oft taking phiſicke, makes a man a very patient creature. But, Signior *Proſpero*, had your ſwaggering *Epiſtle* here, arriued in my fathers hands, at ſuch an houre of his patience, (I meane, when hee had tane phiſicke) it is to bee doubted, whether I ſhould haue read *ſweete villayne here*. But, what? My wiſe couſin; Nay then, Ile furniſh our feaſt with one Gull more toward a meſſe; hee writes to mee of two, and here's one, that's three, Ifayth. Oh for a fourth: now, *Fortune*, or neuer *Fortune*.

*Step.* Oh, now I ſee who he laught at: hee laught at ſome body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me, I would haue told mine vncle.

*Lo. iun.* Couſin Stephano: good morrow, good couſin, how

how fare you?

*Step.* The better for your asking, I will assure you. I haue beene all about to seeke you; since I came I saw mine vncle; & ifaith how haue you done this great while? Good Lord, by my troth I am glad you are well cousin.

*Lor.iu.* And I am as glad of your comming, *I* protest to you, for I am sent for by a priuate gentleman, my most speciall deare friend, to come to him to *Florence* this morning, and you shall go with me cousin, if it please you, not els, I will enioyne you no further then stands with your owne consent, and the condition of a friend.

*Step.* Why cousin you shall command me and 't were twise so farre as *Florence* to do you good; what doe you thinke I will not go with you? I protest.

*Lo.iu.* Nay, nay, you shall not protest.

*Step.* By God, but *I* will sir, by your leaue ile protest more to my friend then ile speake of at this time.

*Lo.iu.* You speake very well sir.

*Step.* Nay not so neither, but I speake to serue my turne.

*Lo.iu.* Your turne? why cousin, a gentleman of so faire sort as you are, of so true cariage, so speciall good parts; of so deare and choice estimation; one whose lowest condition beares the stampe of a great spirit; nay more, a man so grac'd, guilded, or rather (to vse a more fit *Metaphor*) tinfoyld by nature, (not that you haue a leaden constitution, couze, although perhaps a little inclining to that temper, & so the more apt to melt with pittie, when you fall into the fire of rage) but for your lustre onely, which reflects as bright to the world as an old Ale-wiues pewter againe a good time; and will you now (with nice modestie) hide such reall ornaments as these, and shadow their glorie as a Millaners wife doth her wrought stomacher, with a smoakie lawne or a blacke cipresse? Come, come, for shame doe not wrong the qualitie of your desert in so poore a kind; but let the *Idea* of what you are, be portraied in your aspect, that men may reade in your lookes; *Here within this place is to be seene, the most admirable rare & accomplisht worke of nature*; Cousin what think

you of this?

*Step.* Marry I do thinke of it, and I will be more melancholie, and gentleman like then I haue beene, I doe ensure you.

*Lo.in.* Why this is well: now if I can but hold vp this humor in him, as it is begun, *Catso* for *Florence*, match him & she can; Come cousin.

*Step.* Ile follow you. *Lo.in.* Follow me? you must go before.

*Step.* Must I? nay then I pray you shew me good cousin.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Signior Matheo, to him Cob.*

*Mat.* I thinke this be the house: what howgh?

*Cob.* Who's there? oh Signior *Matheo*, God giue you good morrow sir.

*Mat.* What? *Cob*? how doest thou good *Cob*? doest thou inhabite here *Cob*?

*Cob.* I sir, I and my lineage haue kept a poore house in our daies.

*Mat.* Thy lineage *monsieur Cob*? what lineage, what lineage?

*Cob.* Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely: mine ancetrie came from a kings loynes, no worse man; and yet no man neither, but *Herring* the king of fish, one of the monarches of the world I assure you. I doe fetch my pedegree and name from the first redde herring that was eaten in *Adam*, & *Eues* kitchin: his *Cob* was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

*Mat.* Why mightie? why mightie?

*Cob.* Oh its a mightie while agoe sir, and it was a mightie great *Cob*.

*Mat.* How knowest thou that?

*Cob.* How know I? why his ghost comes to me euery night.

*Mat.* Oh vnsauorie iest: the ghost of a herring *Cob*.

*Cob.* I, why not the ghost of a herring *Cob*, as well as the ghost of *Rashero Baccono*, they were both broild on the coales: you are a scholler, vpsolue me that now.

*Mat.* Oh rude ignorance. *Cob* canst thou shew me, of a gentleman, one Signior *Bobadilla*, where his lodging is?

*Cob.*

*Cob.* Oh my gueſt ſir, you meane?

*Mat.* Thy gueſt, alas? ha, ha, (*dilla*?

*Cob.* Why do you laugh ſir? do you not meane ſignior *Boba-*

*Mat. Cob* I pray thee aduiſe thy ſelfe well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thy ſelfe too. I dare be ſworne hee ſcornes thy houſe hee. He lodge in ſuch a baſe obſcure place as thy houſe? Tut, I know his diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lie in thy bed if thould'ſt giue it him.

*Cob,* I will not giue it him. Maſſe I thought (ſomewhat was in it) we could not get him to bed all night. Well ſir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench, and't pleaſe you to go vp ſir, you ſhall find him with two cuſhions vnder his head, and his cloake wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor loſt, and yet I warrant hee ne're caſt better in his life then hee hath done to night.

*Mat.* Why was he drunke?

*Cob.* Drunk ſir? you heare not me ſay ſo; perhaps he ſwallow'd a tauerne token, or ſome ſuch deuiſe ſir; I haue nothing to doe withal: I deale with water and not with wine. Giue me my tankard there, ho. God be with you ſir, its ſixe a clocke: I ſhould haue caried two turnes by this, what ho? my ſtopple come.

*Mat.* Lie in a waterbearers houſe, a gentleman of his note? well ile tell him my mind. *Exit.*

*Cob.* What *Tib*, ſhew this gentleman vp to Signior *Bobadilla*: oh and my houſe were the Brazen head now, faith it would eene crie moe fooles yet: you ſhould haue ſome now, would take him to be a gentleman at the leaſt; alas God helpe the ſimple, his father's an honeſt man, a good fiſhmonger, and ſo forth: and now doth he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, ſuch as my gueſt is, (oh my gueſt is a fine man) and they flout him inuinciblie. He vſeth euery day to a Marchãts houſe (where I ſerue water) one M. *Thorellos*; and here's the ieſt, he is in loue with my maſters ſiſter, and cals her miſtres: and there he ſits a whole afternoone ſometimes, reading of theſe ſame abhominable, vile, (a poxe on them, I cannot abide them) raſcally verſes, *Poetrie, poetrie,*

and ſpeaking of *Enterludes*, t'will make a man burſt to heare him: and the wenches, they doe ſo geere and tihe at him; well, ſhould they do as much to me, Ild forſweare them all, by the life of Pharoah, there's an oath: how many waterbearers ſhall you heare ſweare ſuch an oath? oh I haue a gueſt (he teacheth me) he doth ſweare the beſt of any man chriſtned: By Phœbus, By the life of Pharaoh, By the body of me, As I am gentleman, and a ſoldier: ſuch daintie oathes; & withall he doth take this ſame filthie roaguiſh Tabacco the fineſt, and cleanlieſt; it wold do a man good to ſee the fume come forth at his noſtrils: well, he owes me fortie ſhillings (my wife lent him out of her purſe; by ſixpence a time) beſides his lodging; *I* would I had it: *I* ſhall haue it he ſaith next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang ſorrow, care will kill a cat, vptailes all, and a poxe on the hangman.

*Exit.*

*Bobadilla diſcouers himſelfe: on a bench; to him Tib.*

*Bob.* Hoſteſſe, hoſteſſe.

*Tib.* What ſay you ſir?

*Bob.* A cup of your ſmall beere ſweet hoſteſſe.

*Tib.* Sir, ther's a gentleman below would ſpeake with you.

*Bob.* A gentleman, (Gods ſo) *I* am not within.

*Tib.* My husband told him you were ſir.

*Bob.* What ha plague? what meant he?

*Mat.* Signior Bobadilla. *Matheo within.*

*Bob.* Who's there? (take away the baſon good hoſteſſe) come vp ſir.

*Tib.* He would deſire you to come vp ſir; you come into a cleanly houſe here.

*Mat.* God ſaue you ſir, God ſaue you. *Enter Matheo.*

*Bob.* Signior Matheo, is't you ſir? pleaſe you ſit downe.

*Mat.* I thanke you good Signior, you may ſee, I am ſomewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not ſo Signior, I was requeſted to ſupper yeſternight by a ſort of gallants where you were wiſht for, and drunke to I aſſure you.

*Mat.* Vouchſafe me by whom good Signior.

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Marrie by Signior *Prospero*, and others, why hostesse, a stoole here for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste sir, it is very well.

*Bob.* Bodie of me, it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarse open mine eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came: how passes the day abroad sir? you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith some halfe houre to seuen: now trust me you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate.

*Bob.* I sir, sit downe I pray you: Signior *Matheo* (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of your acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who I sir? no.

*Bob.* Not that I neede to care who know it, but in regard I would not be so popular and generall, as some be.

*Mat.* True Signior, I conceiue you.

*Bob.* For do you see sir, by the hart of my selfe (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I would not extend thus farre.

*Mat.* O Lord sir I resolue so.

*Bob.* What new booke haue you there? what? *Go by Hieronimo.*

*Mat.* I, did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

*Bob.* Well pend: I would faine see all the Poets of our time pen such another play as that was; they'l prate and swagger, and keepe a stirre of arte and deuises, when (by Gods so) they are the most shallow pittifull fellowes that liue vpon the face of the earth againe.

*Mat.* Indeede, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke: *Oh eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares*; there's a conceit: Fountaines fraught with teares. *Oh life, no life, but liuely forme of death*: is't not excellent? *Oh world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs*; O Gods mee: *confusde and fild with murther and misdeeds.*

Is't not simply the best that euer you heard?

Ha, how do you like it?

*Bob.* Tis good.

*Mat. To thee the purest obiect to my sence,*
*The most refined essence heauen couers,*
*Send I these lines, wherein I do commence*
*The happie state of true deseruing louers.*
*If they proue rough, vnpolish't, harsh and rude,*
*Haste made that waste; thus mildly I conclude.*

*Bob.* Nay proceed, proceed, where's this? where's this?

*Mat.* This sir, a toy of mine owne in my nonage: but when will you come and see my studie? good faith I can shew you some verie good thinges I haue done of late: that boote becomes your legge passing well sir, me thinks.

*Bob.* So, so, it's a fashion gentlemen vse.

*Mat.* Masse sir, and now you speake of the fashion, Signior *Prosperos* elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion & workmanship was most beautifull and gentlemanlike; yet hee condemned it for the most pide and ridiculous that euer he saw.

*Bob.* Signior *Giuliano*, was it not? the elder brother?

*Mat.* I sir, he.

*Bob.* Hang him Rooke he? why he has no more iudgement then a malt horse. By S. *George*, I hold him the most peremptorie absurd clowne (one a them) in Christendome: *I* protest to you (as I am a gentleman and a soldier) I ne're talk't with the like of him: he' ha's not so much as a good word in his bellie, all iron, iron, a good commoditie for a smith to make hobnailes on.

*Mat.* I, and he thinkes to cartie it away with his manhood still where he comes: he brags he will giue mee the bastinado, as I heare.

*Bob.* How, the bastinado? how came he by that word trow?

*Mat.* Nay indeed he said cudgill me; I tearmd it so for the more grace.

*Bob.* That may bee, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

*Mat.* Faith yesterday they say, a young gallant a friend of mine

mine told me so.

*Bob.* By the life of Pharaoh, and't were my case nowe, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado? come hither, you shall challenge him; ile shew you a tricke or two, you shall kill him at pleasure, the first *stockado* if you will, by this ayre.

*Mat.* Indeed you haue absolute knowledge in the mistery, I haue heard sir.

*Bob.* Of whom? of whom I pray?

*Mat.* Faith I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue verie rare skill sir.

*Bob.* By heauen, no, not I, no skill in the earth: some small science, know my time, distance, or so, I haue profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise I assure you. Hostesse, lend vs another bedstaffe here quickly: looke you sir, exalt not your point aboue this state at any hand, and let your poyneard maintaine your defence thus: giue it the gentleman. So sir, come on, oh twine your bodie more about, that you may come to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard; so indifferent. Hollow your bodie more sir, thus: now stand fast on your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time: oh you disorder your point most vilely.

*Mat.* How is the bearing of it now sir?

*Bob.* Oh out of measure ill, a well experienced man would passe vpon you at pleasure.

*Mat.* How meane you passe vpon me?

*Bob.* Why thus sir? make a thrust at me; come in vpon my time; controll your point, and make a full carriere at the bodie: the best practis'd gentlemen of the time terme it the *passado*, a most desperate thrust, beleeue it.

*Mat.* Well, come sir.

*Bob.* Why you do not manage your weapons with that facilitie and grace that you should doe, I haue no spirit to play with you, your dearth of iudgement makes you seeme tedious.

*Mat.* But one veny sir.

*Bob.* Fie veney, moſt groſſe denomination, as euer I heard: oh the *ſtockado* while you liue Signior, note that. Come put on your cloake, and weele go to ſome priuate place where you are acquainted, ſome tauerne or ſo, & weele ſend for one of theſe fencers, where he ſhall breath you at my direction, and then ile teach you that tricke, you ſhall kill him with it at the firſt if you pleaſe: why ile learne you by the true iudgement of the eye, hand and foot, to controll any mans point in the world; Should your aduerſary confront you with a piſtoll, t'were nothing, you ſhould (by the ſame rule) controll the bullet, moſt certaine by *Phœbus*; vnles it were haile-ſhot; what mony haue you about you ſir?

*Mat.* Faith I haue not paſt two ſhillings, or ſo.

*Bob.* Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt, but come, when we haue done, weele call vp Signior *Proſpero*; perhaps we ſhal meet with *Coridon* his brother there. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Thorello, Giuliano, Piſo.*

*Tho.* Piſo, come hither: there lies a note within vpon my deske; here take my key: it's no matter neither, where's the boy?

*Piſo.* Within ſir, in the warehouſe.

*Thor.* Let him tell ouer that Spaniſh gold, and weigh it, and do you ſee the deliuerie of thoſe wares to Signior *Bentiuole*: ile be there my ſelfe at the receipt of the money anon.

*Piſo.* Verie good ſir. *Exit Piſo.*

*Tho.* Brother, did you ſee that ſame fellow there?

*Giu.* I, what of him?

*Tho.* He is e'ene the honeſteſt faithfull ſeruant, that is this day in *Florence*; (I ſpeake a proud word now) and one that I durſt truſt my life into his hands, I haue ſo ſtrong opinion of his loue, if need were.

*Giu.* God ſend me neuer ſuch need: but you ſaid you had ſomewhat to tell me, what is't?

*Tho.* Faith brother, I am loath to vtter it,

As

As fearing to abuſe your patience,
But that I know your iudgement more direct,
Able to ſway the neareſt of affection.

*Giu.* Come, come, what needs this circumſtance?

*Tho.* I will not ſay what honor I aſcribe
Vnto your friendſhip, nor in what deare ſtate
*I* hold your loue; let my continued zeale,
The conſtant and religious regard,
That *I* haue euer caried to your name,
My cariage with your ſiſter, all conteſt,
How much *I* ſtand affected to your houſe.

*Giu.* You are too tedious, come to the matter, come to the matter.

*Tho.* Then (without further ceremony) thus.
My brother *Proſpero* (*I* know not how)
Of late is much declin'd from what he was,
And greatly alterd in his diſpoſition.
When he came firſt to lodge here in my houſe,
Ne're truſt me, if *I* was not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himſelfe with ſuch obſeruance,
So true election and ſo faire a forme:
And (what was chiefe) it ſhewd not borrowed in him,
But all he did became him as his owne,
And ſeemd as perfect, proper, and innate,
Vnto the mind, as collor to the blood,
But now, his courſe is ſo irregular,
So looſe affected, and depriu'd of grace,
And he himſelfe withall ſo farre falne off
From his firſt place, that ſcarſe no note remaines,
To tell mens iudgements where he lately ſtood;
Hee's growne a ſtranger to all due reſpect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To ſtale himſelfe in all ſocieties,
He makes my houſe as common as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle
For giddie humor, and diſeaſed riot,

And there, (as in a Tauerne, or a ſtewes,)
He, and his wilde aſſociates, ſpend their houres,
In repetition of laſciuious ieſts,
Sweare, leape, and dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my ſeruants: and indeed what not?

*Giu.* Faith I know not what I ſhould ſay to him: ſo God ſaue mee, I am eene at my wits end, I haue tolde him inough, one would thinke, if that would ſerue: well, he knowes what to truſt to for me: let him ſpend, and ſpend, and domineere till his hart ake: & he get a peny more of me, Ile giue him this eare.

*Tho.* Nay good Brother haue patience.

*Giu.* S'blood, he mads me, I could eate my very fleſh for anger: I marle you will not tell him of it, how he diſquiets your houſe.

*Tho.* O there are diuers reaſons to diſſwade me,
But would your ſelfe vouchſafe to trauaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and eaſie circumſtance,)
It would, both come much better to his ſence,
And ſauor leſſe of griefe and diſcontent.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Confirmes and warrants your authoritie:
Which (ſeconded by your aſpect) will breed
A kinde of duty in him, and regard.
Whereas, if I ſhould intimate the leaſt,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worſe on ill, reare a huge pile of hate,
That in the building, would come tottring downe,
And in her ruines, bury all our loue.
Nay more then this brother; (if I ſhould ſpeake)
He would be ready in the heate of paſſion,
To fill the eares of his familiars,
With oft reporting to them, what diſgrace
And groſſe diſparagement, I had propoſ'd him.
And then would they ſtraight back him, in opinion,
Make ſome looſe comment vpon euery word,
And out of their diſtracted phantaſies;
Contriue ſome ſlander, that ſhould dwell with me.

And what would that be thinke you? mary this,
They would giue out, (becauſe my wife is fayre,
My ſelfe but lately married, and my ſiſter
Heere ſoiourning a virgin in my houſe)
That I were iealous; nay, as ſure as death,
Thus they would ſay: and how that I had wrongd
My brother purpoſely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext to baniſh them my houſe.

*Giu.* Maſſe perhaps ſo.

*Tho.* Brother they would beleeue it: ſo ſhould I
(Like one of theſe penurious quack-ſlaluers,)
But trie experiments vpon my ſelfe,
Open the gates vnto mine owne diſgrace,
Lend bare-ribd enuie, oportunitie.
To ſtab my reputation, and good name.

*Enter Bobo, and Matheo.*

*Mat.* I will ſpeake to him.

*Bob.* Speake to him? away, by the life of *Pharoah* you ſhall not, you ſhall not do him that grace: the time of daye to you Gentleman: is Signior *Proſpero* ſtirring?

*Giu.* How then? what ſhould he doe?

*Bob.* Signior *Thorello*, is he within ſir?

*Tho.* He came not to his lodging to night ſir, I aſſure you.

*Giu.* Why do you heare? you. (uenger.

*Bob.* This gentleman hath ſatiſfied me, Ile talke to no Sca-

*Giu.* How Scauenger? ſtay ſir ſtay. *Exeunt.*

*Tho.* Nay Brother *Giuliano*.

*Giu.* S'blood ſtand you away, and you loue me.

*Tho.* You ſhall not follow him now *I* pray you,
Good faith you ſhall not.

*Giu.* Ha? Scauenger? well goe to, I ſay little, but, by this good day (God forgiue me I ſhould ſweare) if I put it vp ſo, ſay I am the rankeſt—— that euer piſt. S'blood and I ſwallowe this, Ile neere drawe my ſworde in the ſight of man againe while *I* liue; Ile ſit in a Barne with Madge-owlet firſt, Scauenger? 'Hart and Ile goe neere to fill that huge

timbrell ſlop of yours with ſomewhat and I haue good lucke, your *Garagantua* breech cannot carry it away ſo.

*Tho.* Oh do not fret your ſelfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

*Giu.* Theſe are my brothers conſorts theſe, theſe are his *Cumrades*, his walking mates, hees a gallant, a *Caueliero* too, right hangman cut, God let me not liue, and I could not finde in my hart to ſwinge the whole neſt of them, one after another, and begin with him firſt, I am grieu'd it ſhould be ſaid he is my brother, and take theſe courſes, well he ſhall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue Ifaith.

*Tho.* But brother, let your apprehenſion (then)
Runne in an eaſie current, not tranſported
With heady raſhnes, or deuouring choller,
And rather carry a perſwading ſpirit,
Whoſe powers will pearce more gently; and allure,
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime,
To a more ſodaine and reſolu'd aſſent.

*Giu.* I, I, let me alone for that I warrant you. *Bell rings.*

*Tho.* How now? oh the bell rings to breakefaſt.
Brother *Giuliano*, I pray you go in and beare my wife company:
Ile but giue order to my ſeruants for the diſpatche of ſome buſines and come to you preſently. *Exit Guil.*

*Enter Cob.*

What *Cob*? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
For comming ſo late this morning.

*Cob.* Perhaps ſo ſir, take heede ſome body haue not them by the belly for walking ſo late in the euening. *Exit.*

*Tho.* Now (in good faith) my minde is ſomewhat eaſd,
Though not repoſd in that ſecuritie,
As I could wiſh; well, I muſt be content,
How e're I ſet a face on't to the world,
Would I had loſt this finger at a vente,
So *Proſpero* had ne're lodg'd in my houſe,
Why't cannot be, where there is ſuch reſort
Of wanton gallants, and young reuellers,
That any woman ſhould be honeſt long.

I'ſt

I'ſt like, that factious beauty will preſerue
The ſoueraigne ſtate of chaſtitie vnſcard,
When ſuch ſtrong motiues muſter, and make head
Againſt her ſingle peace? no, no: beware
When mutuall pleaſure ſwayes the appetite,
And ſpirits of one kinde and qualitie,
Do meete to parlee in the pride of blood.
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had anſwer'd their affections: all the world
Should not perſwade me, but I were a cuckold;
Mary I hope they haue not got that ſtart.
For opportunity hath balkt them yet,
And ſhall do ſtill, while I haue eyes and eares
To attend the impoſition of my hart,
My preſence ſhall be as an Iron Barre,
Twixt the conſpiring motions of deſire,
Yea euery looke or glaunce mine eye obiects,
Shall checke occaſion, as one doth his ſlaue,
When he forgets the limits of preſcription.

*Enter* Bianca, *with* Heſperida.

*Bia.* Siſter *Heſperida*, I pray you fetch downe the Roſe water aboue in the cloſet: Sweete hart will you come in to breakfaſt. *Exit Heſperida.*

*Tho.* And ſhe haue ouer-heard me now?

*Bia.* I pray thee (good *Muſſe*) we ſtay for you.

*Tho.* By Chriſt I would not for a thouſand crownes.

*Bia.* What ayle you ſweete hart, are you not well, ſpeake good *Muſſe*.

*Tho.* I roth my head akes extreamely on a ſuddaine.

*Bia.* Oh Ieſu!

*Tho.* How now? what?

*Bia.* Good Lord how it burnes? *Muſſe* keepe you warme, good truth it is this new diſeaſe, there's a number are troubled withall: for Gods ſake ſweete heart, come in out of the ayre.

*Tho.* How ſimple, and how ſubtill are her anſweres?
A new diſeaſe, and many troubled with it.
Why true, ſhe heard me all the world to nothing.

*Bia.* I pray thee good ſweet heart come in; the ayre will do you harme in troth.

*Tho.* Ile come to you preſently, it will away I hope.

*Bia.* Pray God it do. *Exit.*

*Tho.* A new diſeaſe? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortals Plague;
For like a peſtilence it doth infect
The houſes of the braine: firſt it begins
Solely to worke vpon the fantaſie,
Filling her ſeat with ſuch peſtiferous aire,
As ſoone corrupts the iudgement, and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie,
Still each of other catching the infection,
Which as a ſearching vapor ſpreads it ſelfe
Confuſedly through euery ſenſiue part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the blacke poiſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what error is it to know this,
And want the free election of the ſoule
In ſuch extreames? well, I will once more ſtriue,
(Euen in deſpight of hell) my ſelfe to be,
And ſhake this feauer off that thus ſhakes me.

*Exit.*

## ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Muſco diſguiſed like a ſoldier.*

*Muſco.* S'blood, I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee my ſelfe tranſlated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of lies, or elſe my profeſsion looſes his grace, and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous as the *Fa*, oh ſir, it holds for good policie to haue that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt deare to

vs: So much for my borrowed ſhape. Well, the troth is, my maiſter intends to follow his ſonne drie-foot to Florence, this morning: now I knowing of this conſpiracie, and the rather to inſinuate with my young maſter, (for ſo muſt wee that are blew waiters, or men of ſeruice doe, or elſe perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeares end, and who weares motley you know:) I haue got me afore in this diſguiſe, determining here to lie in ambuſcado, & intercept him in the midway: if I can but get his cloake, his purſe, his hat, nay any thing ſo I can ſtay his iourney, *Rex Regum*, I am made for euer ifaith: well, now muſt I practiſe to get the true garbe of one of theſe *Launce-knights*: my arme here, and my: Gods ſo, young maſter and his couſin.

*Enter Lo. in. and Step.*

*Lo. in.* So ſir, and how then?

*Step.* Gods foot, I haue loſt my purſe, I thinke.

*Lo. in.* How? loſt your purſe? where? when had you it?

*Step.* I cannot tell, ſtay.

*Mnſ.* S'lid I am afeard they will know me, would I could get by them.

*Lo. in.* What? haue you it?

*Step.* No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I.

*Lo. in.* Nay do not weep, a poxe on it, hang it let it go.

*Step.* Oh it's here, nay and it had beene loſt, I had not car'd but for a iet ring *Marina* lent me.

*Lo in.* A iet ring? oh the poeſie, the poeſie?

*Step.* Fine ifaith: *Though fancie ſleepe, my loue is deepe*: meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet ſhee loued mee dearely.

*Lo in.* Moſt excellent.

*Step.* And then I ſent her another, and my poeſie was; *I'be deeper the ſweeter, Ile be iudg'd by Saint Peter.*

*Lo. in.* How, by S. Peter? I do not conceiue that.

*Step.* Marrie, S. Peter to make vp the meeter.

*Lo. in.* Well, you are beholding to that Saint, he help't you at your need; thanke him, thanke him.

*Muſ.* I will venture, come what will: Gentlemen, pleaſe you chaunge a few crownes for a verie excellent good blade here; I am a poore gentleman, a ſoldier, one that (in the better ſtate of my fortunes) ſcornd ſo meane a refuge, but now its the humour of neceſſitie to haue it ſo: you ſeeme to be gentlemen well affected to martiall men, els I ſhould rather die with ſilence, then liue with ſhame: how e're, vouchſafe to remember it is my want ſpeakes, not my ſelfe: this condition agrees not with my ſpirit.

*Lo. in.* Where haſt thou ſeru'd?

*Muſ.* May it pleaſe you Signior, in all the prouinces of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not? I haue beene a poore ſeruitor by ſea and land, any time this xiiij. yeares, and follow'd the fortunes of the beſt Commaunders in Chriſtendome. I was twiſe ſhot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *America* in the galleyes thriſe, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the head, through both the thighes, and yet being thus maim'd I am voide of maintenance, nothing left me but my ſcarres, the noted markes of my reſolution.

*Step.* How will you ſell this Rapier friend?

*Muſ.* Faith Signior, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you pleaſe.

*Step.* True, I am a gentleman, I know that; but what though, I pray you ſay, what would you aske?

*Muſ.* I aſſure you the blade may become the ſide of the beſt prince in *Europe*.

*Lo. in.* I, with a veluet ſcabberd.

*Step.* Nay and't be mine it ſhall haue a veluet ſcabberd, that is flat, i'de not weare it as 'tis and you would giue me an angell.

*Muſ.* At your pleaſure Signior, nay it's a moſt pure *Toledo*.

*Step.* I had rather it were a *Spaniard*: but tell me, what ſhal I giue you for it? and it had a ſiluer hilt ——

*Lo. in.* Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; holde there's a ſhilling friend, take thy Rapier.

*Step.* Why but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo: what

ſhall

ſhall I go without a rapier?

*Lo. in.* You may buy one in the citie.

*Step.* Tut, ile buy this, ſo I will; tell me your loweſt price.

*Lo. in.* You ſhall not I ſay.

*Step.* By Gods lid, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.

*Lo. in.* Come away, you are a foole.

*Step.* Friend, ile haue it for that word: follow me.

*Muſ.* At your ſeruice Signior. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Lorenzo ſenior.*

*Lore.* My labouring ſpirit being late oppreſt
With my ſonnes follie, can embrace no reſt,
Till it hath plotted by aduiſe and skill,
How to reduce him from affected will
To reaſons manage; which while I intend,
My troubled ſoule beginnes to apprehend
A farther ſecret, and to meditate
Vpon the difference of mans eſtate:
Where is deciphered to true iudgements eye
A deep, conceald, and precious miſterie.
Yet can I not but worthily admire
At natures art: who (when ſhe did inſpire
This heat of life) plac'd Reaſon (as a king)
Here in the head, to haue the marſhalling
Of our affections: and with ſoueraigntie
To ſway the ſtate of our weake emperie.
But as in diuers commonwealthes we ſee,
The forme of gouernment to diſagree:
Euen ſo in man who ſearcheth ſoone ſhal find
As much or more varietie of mind.
Some mens affections like a ſullen wife,
Is with her husband reaſon ſtill at ſtrife.
Others (like proud Arch-traitors that rebell
Againſt their ſoueraigne) practiſe to expell



The

Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread
Vpon his holy and annointed head.
But as that land or nation best doth thriue,
Which to smooth-fronted peace is most procliue,
So doth that mind, whose faire affections rang'd
By reasons rules, stand constant and vnchang'd,
Els, if the power of reason be not such,
Why do we attribute to him so much?
Or why are we obsequious to his law,
If he want spirit our affects to awe?
Oh no, I argue weakly, he is strong, *Enter Musco.*
Albeit my sonne haue done him too much wrong.

*Mus.* My master: nay faith haue at you: I am fleshe now I haue sped so well: Gentleman, I beseech you respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am asham'd of this base course of life (God's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

*Loren.* I haue not for you now.

*Mus.* By the faith I beare vnto God, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome, but onely to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I haue bin, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

*Lor.* I pray thee good friend be satisfied.

*Mus.* Good Signior: by Iesu you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore soldier the price of two cans of beere, a matter of small value, the King of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull: sweet Signior.

*Loren.* Nay and you be so importunate——

*Mus.* Oh Lord sir, need wil haue his course: I was not made to this vile vse; well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath serued in his Princes cause and be thus. Signior, let me deriue a small peece of siluer from you, it shall not be giuen in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I am a Pagan els: sweet Signior.

*Loren.* Beleeue me I am rapte with admiration,
To thinke a man of thy exterior presence,
Should (in the constitution of the mind)

Be ſo degenerate, infirme, and baſe.
Art thou a man? and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſeruile kinde of life?
Why were thy education ne're ſo meane,
Hauing thy limbes: a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelues to thy election.
Nay there the warres might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or ſeruice of ſome vertuous Gentleman,
Or honeſt labour; nay what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of your condition feede on ſloth,
As doth the *Scarabe* on the dung ſhe breeds in,
Not caring how the temper of your ſpirits
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſſe.
Now afore God, what e're he be, that ſhould
Releeue a perſon of thy qualitie,
While you inſiſt in this looſe deſperate courſe,
I would eſteeme the ſinne not thine but his. (if ſo)

*Muſ.* Faith ſignior, I would gladly finde ſome other courſe

*Loren.* I, you'ld gladly finde it, but you will not ſeeke it.

*Muſ.* Alaſſe ſir, where ſhould a man ſeeke? in the warres, there's no aſſent by deſart in theſe dayes, but: and for ſeruice would it were as ſoone purchaſt as wiſht for (Gods my comfort) I know what I would ſay.

*Loren.* Whats thy name.

*Muſ.* Pleaſe you: *Portenſio.*

*Loren.* *Portenſio?*
Say that a man ſhould entertaine thee now,
Would thou be honeſt, humble, iuſt and true.

*Muſ.* Signior: by the place and honor of a ſouldier.

*Loren.* Nay, nay, I like not theſe affected othes;
Speake plainly man: what think'ſt thou of my words?

*Muſ.* Nothing ſignior, but wiſh my fortunes were as happy as my ſeruice ſhould be honeſt.

*Loren.* Well follow me, ile prooue thee, if thy deedes
Will cary a proportion to thy words. *Exit Lor.*

*Mis.* Yes sir straight, ile but gurter my hose; oh that my bellie were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeares to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his determinations, and consequently and my young master well hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie: faith and *I* am resolued to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerablie: this small peece of seruice will bring him cleane out of loue with the soldier for euer. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip at an instant: why this is better then to haue staid his iourney by halfe, well ile follow him: oh how I long to be imployed. *Exit.*

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Prospero, Bobadilla, and Matheo.*

*Mat.* Yes faith sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you too.

*Pros.* Oh I came not there to night.

*Bob.* Your brother deliuered vs as much.

*Pros.* Who *Giuliano*?

*Bob. Giuliano?* Signior *Prospero*, I know not in what kinde you value me, but let me tell you this: as sure as God I do hold it so much out of mine honor & reputation, if I should but cast the least regard vpon such a dunghill of flesh; I protest to you (as I haue a soule to bee saued) I ne're saw any gentlemanlike part in him: and there were no more men liuing vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him by *Phœbus*.

*Mat.* Troth nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carrie himselfe like a gentleman.

*Pros.* Oh Signior Matheo, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amauit Iupiter.*

*Mat.* I vnderstand you sir.

*Enter Lorenzo iunior, and Step.*

*Pros.* No question you do sir: Lorenzo; now on my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet raskall? my Genius? S'blood I shall loue *Apollo*, & the mad Thespian girles the better while I liue for this; my deare villaine, now I see there's some spirit in thee:

thee: Sirra these be they two I writ to thee of, nay what a drowsie humor is this now? why doest thou not speake?

*Lo. Iu.* Oh you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

*Prof.* Why was't not rare?

*Lo. Iu.* Yes ile be sworne I was ne're guiltie of reading the like, match it in all *Plinies* familiar Epistles, and ile haue my iudgement burnd in the eare for a rogue, make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what Camell it was, that had the cariage of it? for doubtlesse he was no ordinarie beast that brought it.

*Prof.* Why?

*Lo. Iu.* Why sayest thou? why doest thou thinke that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, (the sober time of the day too) would haue taine my father for me?

*Prof.* S'blood you iest I hope?

*Lo. Iu.* Indeed the best vse we can turne it too, is to make a iest on't now: but ile assure you, my father had the prouing of your copy, some howre before I saw it.

*Prof.* What a dull slaue was this? But sirrah what sayd he to it yfaith?

*Lo. Iu.* Nay I know not what he said. But I haue a shrewd gesse what he thought.

*Pro.* What? what?

*Lo. Iu.* Mary that thou art a damn'd dissolute villaine,
And I some graine or two better, in keeping thee company.

*Prof.* Tut that thought is like the Moone in the last quarter, twill change shortly: but sirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two *Zanies* heere, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hearst them once, but what strange peece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

*Lo. Iu.* Oh sir a kinsman of mine, one that may make our Musique the fuller and he please, he hath his humor sir.

*Prof.* Oh what ist? what ist?

*Lo. Iu.* Nay: ile neyther do thy iudgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare thy apprehension: ile leaue him to the mercy of the time, if you can take him: so.

*Prof.* Well signior *Bobadilla*: signior *Matheo*: I pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, & one that will wel deserue your affection, I know not your name signior, but I shalbe glad of any good occasion, to be more familiar with you.

*Step.* My name is signior *Stephano*, sir, I am this Gentlemans cousin, sir his father is mine vncle; sir, I am somewhat melancholie, but you shall commaund me sir, in whatsoeuer is incident to a Gentleman.

*Bob.* Signior, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, embrace it as a most high fauour, for (by the host of Egypt) but that I conceiue you, to be a Gentleman of some parts, I loue few words: you haue wit: imagine.

*Step.* I truely sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

*Mat.* Oh Lord sir, it's your only best humor sir, your true melancholy, breedes your perfect fine wit sir: I am melancholie my selfe diuers times sir, and then do I no more but take your pen and paper presently, and write you your halfe score or your dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

*Lo.in.* Masse then he vtters them by the grosse.

*Step.* Truely sir and I loue such things out of measure.

*Lo.in.* I faith, as well as in measure. (your seruice.

*Mat.* Why I pray you signior, make vse of my studie, it's at

*Step.* I thanke you sir, I shalbe bolde I warrant you, haue you a close stoole there?

*Mat.* Faith sir, I haue some papers there, toyes of mine owne doing at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in them, when you shall see them.

*Prosp.* Would they were kindled once, and a good fire made, I might see selfe loue burnd for her heresie.

*Step.* Cousin, is it well? am I melancholie inough?

*Lo.in.* Oh I, excellent.

*Prosp.* Signior *Bobadilla*? why muse you so?

*Lo.in.* He is melancholy too.

*Bob.* Faith sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice was perform'd to morow; being S. *Marks* day: shalbe some

*Lo.in.* In what place was that seruice, I pray you sir? (tē years.

*Bob.*

*Bob.* Why at the beleagring of *Ghubelletto*, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach: ile tell you gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaugre that euer I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of *Tortosa* last yeer by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall & dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemy, as *I* am a gentleman and a souldier.

*Step.* So, I had as liefe as an angell I could sweare as well as that gentleman.

*Lo.in.* Then you were a seruitor at both it seemes.

*Bob.* Oh Lord sir: by *Phaeton* I was the first man that entred the breach, and had I not effected it with resolution, I had bene slaine if I had had a million of liues.

*Lo.in.* Indeed sir? (like you him?

*Step.* Nay & you heard him discourse you would say so: how

*Bob.* I assure you (vpon my saluation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

*Prosp.* You must bring him to the racke first.

*Bob.* Obserue me iudicially sweet signior: they had planted me a demy culuering, iust in the mouth of the breach; now sir (as we were to ascend) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill and courage, you must thinke) confronts me with his Linstock ready to giue fire; I spying his intendement, discharg'd my Petrinell in his bosome, and with this instrument my poore Rapier, ran violently vpon the *Moores* that guarded the ordinance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

*Prosp.* To the sword? to the Rapier signior.

*Lo.in.* Oh it was a good figure obseru'd sir: but did you all this signior without hurting your blade.

*Bob.* Without any impeach on the earth: you shall perceiue sir, it is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on a poore gentlemans thigh: shall I tell you sir, you talke of *Morglay*, *Excaliber*, *Durindana*, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is reported of them, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintaine it.

*Step.* I marle whether it be a *Toledo* or no?

*Bob.* A moſt perfect *Toledo*, I aſſure you ſignior.

*Step.* I haue a countriman of his here.

*Mat.* Pray you let's ſee ſir: yes faith it is.

*Bob.* This a *Toledo*? piſſe.

*Step.* Why do you piſh ſignior?

*Bob.* A Fleming by *Phœbus*, ile buy them for a guilder a peece and ile haue a thouſand of them.

*Lo. in.* How ſay you couſin, I told you thus much.

*Proſ.* VVhere bought you it ſignior?

*Step.* Of a ſcuruy rogue Souldier, a pox of God on him, he ſwore it was a *Toledo*.

*Bob.* A prouant Rapier, no better.

*Mat.* Maſſe I thinke it be indeed.

*Lo. in.* Tut now it's too late to looke on it, put it vp, put it vp.

*Step.* VVell I will not put it vp, but by Gods foote, and ere I meete him——

*Proſ.* Oh it is paſt remedie now ſir, you muſt haue patience.

*Step.* Horſon conny-catching Raskall; oh I could eate the very hilts for anger.

*Lo. in.* A ſigne you haue a good Oſtrich ſtomack Couſin.

*Step.* A ſtomack? would I had him here, you ſhould ſee and I had a ſtomacke.

*Proſ.* It's better as 'tis: come gentlemen ſhall we goe?

*Enter Muſco.*

*Lo. in.* A miracle cóuſin, looke here, looke here.

*Step.* Oh, Gods lid, by your leaue, do you know me ſir.

*Muſ.* I ſir, I know you by ſight.

*Step.* You ſold me a Rapier, did you not?

*Muſ.* Yes marry did I ſir.

*Step.* You ſaid it was a *Toledo* ha?

*Muſ.* True I did ſo.

*Step.* But it is none.

*Muſ.* No ſir, I confeſſe it, it is none.

*Step.* Gentlemen beare witneſſe, he has confeſt it. By Gods lid, and you had not confeſt it——

*Lo. in.*

*Lo.in.* Oh couſin, forbeare, forbeare.

*Step.* Nay I haue done couſin.

*Proſ.* Why you haue done like a Gentleman, he ha's confeſt it, what would you more?

*Lo.in.* Sirra how dooſt thou like him.

*Proſ.* Oh its a pretious good foole, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happely, then a Barbers virginals; for euery one may play vpon him.

*Muſ.* Gentleman, ſhall I intreat a word with you?

*Lo.in.* With all my heart ſir, you haue not another *Toledo* to ſell, haue yee?

*Muſ.* You are pleaſant, your name is ſignior *Lorenzo* as I take it.

*Lo.in.* You are in the right; S'bloud he meanes to catechize me I thinke. (coate.

*Muſ.* No ſir, I leaue that to the Curate, I am none of that

*Lo.in.* And yet of as bare a coate; well, ſay ſir.

*Muſ.* Faith ſignior, I am but ſeruant to God *Mars* extraordinarie, and indeed (this braſſe varniſh being waſht off, and three or foure other tricks ſublated) I appeare yours in reuerſion, after the deceaſe of your good father, *Muſco*.

*Lo.in.* *Muſco*, s'bloud what winde hath blowne thee hither in this ſhape.

*Muſ.* Your Eaſterly winde ſir, the ſame that blew your father hither.

*Lo.in.* My father?

*Muſ.* Nay neuer ſtart, it's true, he is come to towne of purpoſe to ſeeke you.

*Lo.in.* Sirra *Proſpero*: what ſhall we do ſirra, my father is come to the city.

*Proſ.* Thy father: where is he?

*Muſ.* At a Gentlemans houſe yonder by Saint *Anthonies*, where he but ſtayes my returne; and then——

*Proſ.* Who's this? *Muſco*?

*Muſ.* The ſame ſir.

*Proſ.* Why how comſt thou tranſ-muted thus?

*Muſ.* Faith a deuiſe, a deuiſe, nay for the loue of God, ſtand

not here Gentlemen, houſe your ſelues and ile tell you all.

*Lo.iu.* But art thou ſure he will ſtay thy returne?

*Muſ.* Do I liue ſir? what a queſtion is that?

*Prof.* Well wee'le prorogue his expectation a little: *Muſco* thou ſhalt go with vs: Come on Gentlemen: nay I pray thee (good raſkall) droope not, s'hart and our wits be ſo gowty, that one old plodding braine can out-ſtrip vs all, Lord I beſeech thee, may they lie and ſtarue in ſome miſerable ſpittle, where they may neuer ſee the face of any true ſpirit againe, but bee perpetually haunted with ſome *church-yard Hobgoblin* in *ſeculo*

*Muſ.* Amen, Amen. (*ſeculorum.*

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS TERTIVS.
## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Thorello, and Piſo.*

*Piſ.* He will expect you ſir within this halfe houre.

*Tho.* Why what's a clocke?

*Piſ.* New ſtriken ten.

*Tho.* Hath he the money ready, can you tell?

*Piſ.* Yes ſir, *Baptiſta* brought it yeſternight.

*Tho.* Oh that's well: fetch me my cloake. *Exit Piſo.*

Stay, let me ſee; an hower to goe and come,
I that will be the leaſt: and then 'twill be
An houre, before *I* can diſpatch with him;
Or very neare: well, I will ſay two houres;
Two houres? ha? things neuer dreampt of yet
May be contriu'd, and effected too,
In two houres abſence: well I will not go.
Two houres; no fleering opportunity
I will not giue your trecherie that ſcope.
Who will not iudge him worthy to be robd,
That ſets his doores wide open to a theefe,
And ſhewes the felon, where his treaſure lyes?
Againe, what earthy ſpirit but will attempt

To taſte the fruite of beauties golden tree,
When leaden ſleepe ſeales vp the dragons eyes?
Oh beauty is a *Proiect* of ſome power,
Chiefely when oportunitie attends her:
She will infuſe true motion in a ſtone,
Put glowing fire in an Icie ſoule,
Stuffe peaſants boſoms with proud *Cæſars* ſpleene,
Powre rich deuice into an empty braine:
Bring youth to follies gate: there traine him in,
And after all, extenuate his ſinne.
Well, *I* will not go, *I* am reſolu'd for that.
Goe cary it againe, yet ſtay: yet do too,
*I* will deferr e it till ſome other time.

*Enter* Piſo.

*Piſo.* Sir, ſignior *Platano* wil meet you there with the bond.

*Tho.* That's true: by *Ieſu I* had cleane forgot it.
*I* muſt goe, what's a clocke?

*Piſ.* Paſt ten ſir.

*Tho.* 'Hart, then will *Proſpero* preſently be here too,
With one or other of his looſe conſorts.
I am a Iew, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolue.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an hower-glaſſe,
And my imaginations like the ſands,
Runne dribling foorth to fill the mouth of time,
Still chaung'd with turning in the ventricle.
What were I beſt to doe? it ſhalbe ſo.
Nay *I* dare build vpon his ſecrecie? *Piſo.*

*Piſo.* Sir.

*Tho.* Yet now I haue bethought me to, I wil not.
Is *Cob* within?

*Piſ.* I thinke he be ſir.

*Tho.* But hee'le prate too, there's no talke of him.
No, there were no courſe vpon the earth to this,
If I durſt truſt him; tut I were ſecure,
But there's the queſtion now, if he ſhould prooue,

*Rimarum plenus*, then, s'blood I were *Rooke*.
The ſtate that he hath ſtood in till this preſent,
Doth promiſe no ſuch change: what ſhould I feare then?
Well, come what will, ile tempt my fortune once. (*Piſo.*
*Piſo*, thou mayeſt deceiue mee, but I thinke thou loueſt mee
*Piſo.* Sir, if a ſeruants zeale and humble duetie may bee
term'd loue, you are poſſeſt of it. (cret, *Piſo.*
*Tho.* I haue a matter to impart to thee, but thou muſt be ſe-
*Piſ.* Sir for that——
*Tho.* Nay heare me man; thinke I eſteeme thee well,
To let thee in thus to my priuate thoughts;
*Piſo*, it is a thing, ſits neerer to my creſt,
Then thou art ware of: if thou ſhouldſt reueale it——
*Piſ.* Reueale it ſir?
*Tho.* Nay, I do not think thou wouldſt, but if thou ſhouldſt:
*Piſ.* Sir, then I were a villaine:
Diſclaime in me for euer if I do.
*Tho.* He will not ſweare: he has ſome meaning ſure,
Elſe (being vrg'd ſo much) how ſhould he chooſe,
But lend an oath to all this proteſtation?
He is no puritane, that I am certaine of.
What ſhould *I* thinke of it? vrge him againe,
And in ſome other forme: I will do ſo.
Well *Piſo*, thou haſt ſworne not to diſcloſe; I you did ſweare?
*Piſ.* Not yet ſir, but I will, ſo pleaſe you.
*Tho.* Nay I dare take thy word.
But if thou wilt ſweare; do as you thinke good,
*I* am reſolu'd without ſuch circumſtance.
*Piſ.* By my ſoules ſafetie ſir I here proteſt,
My tongue ſhall ne're take knowledge of a word
Deliuer'd me in compaſſe of your truſt.
*Tho.* Enough, enough, theſe ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as braſſe.
*Piſo* come hither: nay we muſt be cloſe
In managing theſe actions: So it is,
(Now he ha's ſworne I dare the ſafelier ſpeake;)

I haue of late by diuers obſeruations——
But, whether his oath be lawfull yea, or no, ha?
I will aske counſel ere I do proceed:
*Piſo*, it will be now too long to ſtay,
Wee'le ſpie ſome fitter time ſoone, or to morrow.
*Piſ.* At your pleaſure ſir.
*Tho.* I pray you ſearch the bookes gainſt I returne
For the receipts twixt me and *Platano*.
*Piſ.* I will ſir.
*Tho.* And heare you: if my brother *Proſpero*
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come backe: let one ſtraight bring me word.
*Piſ.* Very well ſir.
*Tho.* Forget it not, nor be not you out of the way.
*Piſ.* I will not ſir.
*Tho.* Or whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger or elſe faile not to ſend me word.
*Piſ.* Yes ſir.
*Tho.* Haue care I pray you and remember it.
*Piſ.* I warrant you ſir.
*Tho.* But *Piſo*, this is not the ſecret I told thee of.
*Piſ.* No ſir, *I* ſuppoſe ſo.
*Tho.* Nay beleeue me it is not.
*Piſ.* *I* do beleeue you ſir.
*Tho.* By heauen it is not, that's enough.
Marrie, *I* would not thou ſhouldſt vtter it to any creature liuing.
Yet *I* care not.
Well, *I* muſt hence: *Piſo* conceiue thus much,
No ordinarie perſon could haue drawne
So deepe a ſecret from me; *I* meane not this,
But that *I* haue to tell thee: this is nothing, this.
*Piſo*, remember, ſilence, buried here:
No greater hell then to be ſlaue to feare. *Exit Tho.*
*Piſo.* *Piſo*, remember, ſilence, buried here:
Whence ſhould this flow of paſſion (trow) take head? ha?
Faith ile dreame no longer of this running humor,

For feare I ſinke, the violence of the ſtreame
Alreadie hath tranſported me ſo farre,
That I can feele no ground at all: but ſoft, *Enter Cob.*
Oh it's our waterbearer: ſomewhat ha's croſt him now.

*Cob.* Faſting dayes: what tell you me of your faſting dayes? would they were all on a light fire for mee: they ſay the world ſhall be conſum'd with fire and brimſtone in the latter day: but I would we had theſe ember weekes, and theſe villanous fridaies burnt in the meane time, and then ——

*Piſ.* Why how now *Cob*, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

*Cob.* Coller ſir? ſwounds I ſcorne your coller, I ſir am no colliers horſe ſir, neuer ride me with your coller, and you doe, ile ſhew you a iades tricke.

*Piſ.* Oh you'le ſlip your head out of the coller: why *Cob* you miſtake me.

*Cob.* Nay I haue my rewme, and I be angrie as well as another, ſir.

*Piſ.* Thy rewme; thy humor man, thou miſtakeſt.

*Cob.* Humor? macke, I thinke it bee ſo indeed: what is this humor? it's ſome rare thing I warrant.

*Piſo.* Marrie ile tell thee what it is (as tis generally receiued in theſe daies) it is a monſter bred in a man by ſelfe loue, and affectation, and fed by folly.

*Cob.* How? muſt it be fed?

*Piſ.* Oh I, humor is nothing if it be not fed, why, didſt thou neuer heare of that? it's a common phraſe, *Feed my humor.*

*Cob.* Ile none on it: humor, auaunt, I know you not, be gon. Let who will make hungry meales for you, it ſhall not bee I: Feed you quoth hees: blood I haue much adoe to feed my ſelf, eſpecially on theſe leane raſcall daies too, and't had beene any other day but a faſting day: a plague on them all for mee: by this light one might haue done God good ſeruice and haue drown'd them all in the floud two or three hundred thouſand yeares ago, oh I do ſtomacke them hugely: I haue a mawe now, and't were for ſir Beuiſſes horſe.

*Piſ.* Nay, but I pray thee *Cob*, what makes thee ſo out of loue with faſting daies?

*Cob.* Marrie that, that will make any man out of loue with them, *I* thinke: their bad conditions and you wil needs know: Firſt, they are of a Flemmiſh breed I am ſure on't, for they raue vp more butter then all the daies of the weeke beſide: next, they ſtinke of fiſh miſerably: Thirdly, they'le keep a man deuoutly hungry all day, & at night ſend him ſupperleſſe to bed.

*Piſ.* Indeed theſe are faults *Cob*.

*Cob.* Nay and this were all, 'twere ſomething, but they are the onely knowne enemies to my generation. A faſting day no ſooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore Cobbes they ſmoake for it, they melt in paſsion, and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne *Hannibal*, and eat my owne fiſh & blood: my princely couze, feare nothing; I haue not the heart to deuoure you, and I might bee made as rich as Golias: oh that I had roome for my teares, I could weep ſalt water enough now to preſerue the liues of ten thouſand of my kin: but I may curſe none but theſe filthy Almanacks; for and 't were not for them, theſe daies of perſecution would ne're bee knowne. Ile be hang'd and ſome Fiſhmongers ſonne doe not make on'them, and puts in more faſting daies then hee ſhould doe, becauſe he would vtter his fathers dried ſtockfiſh. *Pul'ſo. ared Herring*

*Piſ.* S'oule peace, thou'lt be beaten like a ſtockfiſh elſe: here is Signior *Matheo*. Now muſt I looke out for a meſſenger to my Maſter. *Exeunt Cob & Piſo.*

*Enter Matheo, Proſpero, Lo.iunior, Bobadilla, Stephano, Muſco.*

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Proſ.* Beſhrew me, but it was an abſolute good ieſt, and exceedingly well caried.

*Lo.in.* I and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

*Proſ.* Yes faith, but was't poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know him?

*Lo.in.* Fore God not I, and I might haue beene ioind patten with one of the nine worthies for knowing him. S'blood man, he had ſo writhen himſelfe into the habit of one of your poore

*Disparuiew's* here, your decaied, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round: such as haue vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your Prouost & his half dozen of halberders do what they can; and haue transiated begging out of the olde hackney pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it runne as smooth of the toung, as a shoue-groat shilling, into the likenes of one of these leane *Pirgo's*, had hee moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euerie tricke of their action, as varying the accent: swearing with an *Emphasis*. Indeed all with so speciall and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou wouldst haue sworne he might haue beene the Tamberlaine, or the Agamemnon on the rout.

*Prof.* Why Musco: who would haue thought thou hadst beene such a gallant?

*Lo. in.* I cannot tell, but (vnles a man had iuggled begging all his life time, and beene a weauer of phrases from his infancie, for the appartelling of it) I thinke the world cannot produce his Riuall.

*Prof.* Where got'st thou this coat I marl'e.

*Mus.* Faith sir, I had it of one of the deuils neere kinsmen, a Broker.

*Prof.* That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

*Mus.* True sir, but I need a broker, *Ergo* no crafty knaue.

*Prof.* Well put off, well put off.

*Lo. in.* Tut, he ha's more of these shifts.

*Mus.* And yet where *I* haue one, the broker ha's ten sir.

*Enter Piso.*

*Piso.* Francisco: Martino: ne're a one to bee found now, what a spite's this?

*Prof.* How now *Piso*? is my brother within?

*Pis.* No sir, my master went forth e'ene now: but Signior *Giuliano* is within. *Cob*, what *Cob*: is he gone too?

*Prof.* Whither went thy master? *Piso* canst thou tell?

*Piso.* *I* know not, to Doctor *Clements*, *I* thinke sir. *Cob.*

*Exit Piso.*

*Lo. in.*

*Lo.iu.* Doctor *Clement*, what's he? I haue heard much ſpeech of him.

*Prof.* Why, doeſt thou not know him? he is the *Gonfalonere* of the ſtate here, an excellent rare ciuilian, and a great ſcholler, but the onely mad merry olde fellow in Europe: I ſhewed him you the other day.

*Lo.iu.* Oh I remember him now; Good faith, and he hath a very ſtrange preſence me thinkes, it ſhewes as if he ſtoode out of the ranke from other men. I haue heard many of his ieſts in Padua: they ſay he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horſe.

*Prof.* I or wearing his cloake of one ſhoulder, or any thing indeede, it it come in the way of his humor.

*Piſ. Gaſper, Martino, Cob*: S'hart, where ſhould they be trow?

*Enter Piſo.*

*Bob.* Signior *Thorello's* man, I pray thee vouchſafe vs the lighting of this match.

*Piſ.* A pox on your match, no time but now to vouchſafe? *Franciſco, Cob.* *Exit.*

*Bob.* Body of me: here's the remainder of ſeuen pound, ſince yeſterday was ſeuennight. It's your right *Trinidado*: did you neuer take any, ſignior?

*Step.* No truly ſir? but i'le learne to take it now, ſince you commend it ſo.

*Bob.* Signior beleeue me, (vpon my relation) for what I tel you, the world ſhall not improue. I haue been in the Indies (where this herbe growes) where neither my ſelfe, nor a dozen Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receiued the taſte of any other nutriment, in the world, for the ſpace of one and twentie weekes, but Tabacco onely. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis moſt diuine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kinde ſo, it makes an Antidote, that (had you taken the moſt deadly poyſonous ſimple in all Florence, it ſhould expell it, and clarifie you, with as much eaſe, as I ſpeak. And for your greene wound, your *Baſſamum*, and your—— are all meere gullcries, and traſh to it, eſpecially your *Trinidado*: your *Newcorian* is good too: I

could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the exposing of rewmes, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no quacke-saluer: only thus much: by *Hercules* I doe holde it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soueraigne, and pretious herbe, that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

*Lo.iu.* Oh this speech would haue done rare in a pothecaries mouth.

*Pis.* I; close by Saint *Anthonies*: Doctor *Clements*.

*Enter Piso and Cob.*

*Cob.* Oh, Oh.

*Bob.* Where's the match I gaue thee?

*Pis.* S'blood would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo. *Exit.*

*Cob.* By godsdeynes! I marle what pleasure or felicitie they haue in taking this rogish Tabacco: it's good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers: there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it, he voyded a bushell of soote yester-day, vpward and downeward. By the stockes; and there were no wiser men then I, I'ld haue it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the'nd as many as vse it; it's little better then rats bane. *Enter Piso.*

*All.* Oh good signior; hold, hold.

*Bob.* You base cullion, you.

*Pis.* Sir, here's your match; come, thou must needes be talking too.

*Cob.* Nay he wil not meddle with his match I warrant you: well it shall be a deere beating, and I liue.

*Bob.* Doe you prate?

*Lo.iu.* Nay good signior, will you regard the humor of a foole? away knaue.

*Prof.* *Piso* get him away. *Exit Piso, and Cob.*

*Bob.* A horson filthy slaue, a turd, an excrement. Body of *Cesar*.

*Ceſar*, but that I ſcorne to let forth ſo meane a ſpirit, i'ld haue ſlab'd him to the earth.

*Proſ.* Mary God forbid ſir.

*Bob.* By this faire heauen I would haue done it.

*Step.* Oh he ſweares admirably: (by this faire heauen:) Body of *Ceſar*: I ſhall neuer doe it, ſure (vpon my ſaluation) no I haue not the right grace.

*Mat.* Signior will you any? By this ayre the moſt diuine Tabacco as euer I drunke.

*Lo.in.* I thanke you ſir.

*Step.* Oh this Gentleman doth it rarely too, but nothing like the other. By this ayre, as I am a Gentleman: by *Phœbus*.

*Exit Bob. and Mat.*

*Mus.* Maſter glaunce, glaunce: Signior *Proſpero*.

*Step.* As I haue a ſoule to be ſaued, I doe proteſt;

*Proſ.* That you are a foole.

*Lo.in.* Couſin will you any Tabacco?

*Step.* I ſir: vpon my ſaluation.

*Lo.in.* How now couſin?

*Step.* I proteſt, as I am a Gentleman, but no ſouldier indeede.

*Proſ.* No ſignior, as I remember you ſeru'd on a great horſe, laſt generall muſter.

*Step.* I ſir that's true: couſin may I ſweare as I am a ſouldier, by that?

*Lo.in.* Oh yes, that you may.

*Step.* Then as I am a Gentleman, and a ſouldier, it is diuine Tabacco.

*Proſ.* But ſoft, where's ſignior *Matheo*? gone?

*Muſ.* No ſir, they went in here.

*Proſ.* Oh let's follow them: ſignior *Matheo* is gone to ſalute his miſtreſſe, ſirra now thou ſhalt heare ſome of his verſes, for he neuer comes hither without ſome ſhreds of poetrie: Come ſignior *Stephano*, *Muſco*.

*Step.* *Muſco*? where? is this *Muſco*?

*Lo.in.* I, but peace couſin, no words of it at any hand.

*Step.* Not I by this faire heauen, as I haue a ſoule to be ſaued, by *Phœbus*.

*Proſ.* Oh rare! your couſins diſcourſe is ſimply ſuted, all in oathes.

*Lo. in.* I, he lacks nothing but a little light ſtuffe, to draw them out withall, and he were rarely fitted to the time.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Thorello with Cob.*

*Tho.* Ha, how many are there, ſayeſt thou?

*Cob.* Marry ſir, your brother, Signior *Proſpero*.

*Tho.* Tut, beſide him: what ſtrangers are there man?

*Cob.* Strangers? let me ſee, one, two; maſſe I know not well there's ſo many.

*Tho.* How? ſo many?

*Cob.* I, there's ſome fiue or ſixe of them at the moſt.

*Tho.* A ſwarme, a ſwarme,
Spight of the Deuill, how they ſting my heart!
How long haſt thou beene comming hither *Cob.*?

*Cob.* But a little while ſir.

*Tho.* Didſt thou come running?

*Cob.* No ſir.

*Tho.* Tut, then I am familiar with thy haſte.
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marrie?
I that before was rankt in ſuch content,
My mind attir'd in ſmoothe ſilken peace,
Being free maſter of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a ſlaue? what, neuer ſigh,
Be of good cheare man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done: nay when ſuch flowing ſtore,
Plentie it ſelfe fals in my wiues lappe,
The *Cornu-copiæ* will be mine I know. But *Cob*,
What entertainment had they? I am ſure
My ſiſter and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?

*Cob.* Like ynough: yet I heard not a word of welcome.

*Tho.* No, their lips were ſeal'd with kiſſes, and the voice

Drown'd

Drown'd in a flood of ioy at their arriuall,
Had loſt her motion, ſtate and faculcie.
*Cob*, which of them was't that firſt kiſt my wife?
(My ſiſter I ſhould ſay) my wife, alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it ſayſt thou?

*Cob*. By my troth ſir, will you haue the truth of it?

*Tho*. Oh I good *Cob*: I pray thee.

*Cob*. God's my iudge, I ſaw no body to be kiſt, vnleſſe they would haue kiſt the poſt, in the middle of the warehouſe; for there *I* left them all, at their Tabacco with a poxe.

*Tho*. How? were they not gone in then e're thou cam'ſt?

*Cob*. Oh no ſir.

*Tho*. Spite of the Deuill, what do I ſtay here then? *Cob*, follow me. *Exit. Tho.*

*Cob*. Nay, ſoft and faire, I haue egges on the ſpit; I cannot go yet ſir: now am I for ſome diuers reaſons hammering, hammering reuenge: oh for three or foure gallons of vineger, to ſharpen my wits: Reuenge, vineger reuenge, ruſſet reuenge; nay, and hee had not lyne in my houſe, t'would neuer haue greeu'd me; but being my gueſt, one that ile bee ſworne, my wife ha's lent him her ſmocke off her backe, while his owne ſhirt ha beene at waſhing: pawnd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him: ſold almoſt all my platters to buy him Tabacco; and yet to ſee an ingratitude wretch: ſtrike his hoſt; well I hope to raiſe vp an hoſt of furies for't: here comes M. Doctor.

*Enter Doctor Clement, Lorenzo ſen. Peto.*

*Clem*. What's Signior *Thorello* gone?

*Pet*. I ſir.

*Clem*. Hart of me, what made him leaue vs ſo abrupdly How now ſirra; what make you here? what wold you haue, ha?

*Cob*. And't pleaſe your worſhip, I am a poore neighbour of your worſhips.

*Clem*. A neighbour of mine, knaue?

*Cob*. I ſir, at the ſigne of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice: I haue paide ſcot and lotte there any time this eighteene yeares.

*Clem.* What, at the greene lattice?

*Cob.* No sir: to the parish: mary I haue seldome scap't scot free at the lattice.

*Clem.* So: but what busines hath my neighbour?

*Cob.* And't like your worship, I am come to craue the peace of your worship.

*Clem.* Of me, knaue? peace of me, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? did I euer threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

*Cob.* No god's my comfort, I meane your worships warrant, for one that hath wrong'd me sir: his armes are at too much liberty, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, and I could by any meanes compasse it.

*Lorew.* Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him?

*Cob.* No sir; but I goe in danger of my death euery houre by his meanes; and I die within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the lawes of the land, that he kil'd me.

*Clem.* How? how knaue? sweare he kil'd thee? what pretext? what colour hast thou for that?

*Cob.* Mary sir: both blacke and blew, colour ynough, I warrant you I haue it here to shew your worship.

*Clem.* What is he, that gaue you this sirra?

*Cob.* A Gentleman in the citie sir.

*Clem.* A Gentleman? what call you him?

*Cob.* Signior *Bobadilla.*

*Clem.* Good: But wherefore did he beate you sirra? how began the quarrel twixt you? ha: speake truly knaue, I aduise you.

*Cob.* Marry sir, because I spake against their vagrant Tabacco, as I came by them: for nothing else.

*Clem.* Ha, you speake against Tabacco? *Peto*, his name.

*Pet.* What's your name sirra?

*Cob.* *Oliuer Cob*, sir set *Oliuer Cob*, sir.

*Clem.* Tell *Oliuer Cob* he shall goe to the iayle.

*Pet.* *Oliuer Cob*, master Doctor sayes you shall go to the iayle.

*Cob.* Oh I beseech your worship for gods loue, deare master Doctor.

*Clem.*

*Clem.* Nay gods pretious: and ſuch drunken knaues as you are come to diſpute of Tabacco once; I haue done: away with him.

*Cob.* Oh good maſter Doctor, ſweete Gentleman.

*Lore.* Sweete *Oliuer*, would I could doe thee any good; maſter Doctor let me intreat ſir.

*Clem.* What? a tankard-bearer, a thread-bare raſcall, a begger, a ſlaue that neuer drunke out of better thē piſpot mettle in his life, and he to depraue, and abuſe the vertue of an herbe, ſo generally receyu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of ſweete Ladies, the cabbins of ſouldiers: Peto away with him, by gods paſsion, I ſay, goe too.

*Cob.* Deare maſter Doctor.

*Loren.* Alaſſe poore *Oliuer*.

*Clem.* Peto: I: and make him a warrant, he ſhall not goe, I but feare the knaue.

*Cob.* O diuine Doctor, thankes noble Doctor, moſt dainty Doctor, delicious Doctor. *Exeunt Peto with Cob.*

*Clem.* Signior *Lorenzo*; Gods pitty man,
Be merry, be merry, leaue theſe dumpes.

*Loren.* Troth would I could ſir: but enforced mirth
(In my weake iudgement) h'as no happy birth.
The minde, being once a priſoner vnto cares,
The more it dreames on ioy, the worſe it fares.
A ſmyling looke is to a heauie ſoule,
As a guilt bias, to a leaden bowle,
Which (in it ſelfe) appeares moſt vile, being ſpent
To no true vſe; but onely for oſtent.

*Clem.* Nay but good Signior: heare me a word, heare me a word, your cares are nothing; they are like my cap, ſoone put on, and as ſoone put off. What? your ſonne is old inough, to gouerne himſelfe; let him runne his courſe, it's the onely way to make him a ſtay'd man: if he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard or a licentious liuer, then you had reaſon: you had reaſon to take care: but being none of theſe, Gods paſsion, and I had twiſe ſo many cares, as you haue, I'ld drowne them

all in a cup of ſacke: come, come, I muſe your parcell of a ſouldier returnes not all this while. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Giuliano, with Biancha.*

*Giul.* Well ſiſter, I tell you true: and you'le finde it ſo in the ende.

*Bia.* Alaſſe brother, what would you haue me to doe? I cannot helpe it; you ſee, my brother *Proſpero* he brings them in here, they are his friends.

*Giu.* His friends? his friends? s'blood they do nothing but haunt him vp and downe like a ſorte of vnlucky Sprites, and tempt him to all maner of villany, that can be thought of; well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with ſome of them; and't were not more for your husbands ſake, then any thing elſe, I'ld make the houſe too hot for them; they ſhould ſay and ſweare, Hell were broken looſe, e're they went: But by gods bread, 'tis no bodies fault but yours: for and you had done as you might haue done, they ſhould haue beene damn'd e're they ſhould haue come in, e're a one of them.

*Bia.* God's my life; did you euer heare the like? what a ſtrange man is this? could I keepe out all them thinke you? I ſhould put my ſelfe againſt halfe a dozen men? ſhould *I*? Good faith you'ld mad the patient'ſt body in the world, to heare you talke ſo, without any ſenſe or reaſon.

*Enter Matheo with Heſperida, Bobadilla, Stephano, Lorenzo iu. Proſpero, Muſco.*

*Heſp.* Seruant (in troth) you are too prodigall of your wits treaſure; thus to powre it foorth vpon ſo meane a ſubiect, as my worth?

*Mat.* You ſay well, you ſay well.

*Giu.* Hoyday, heare is ſtuffe.

*Lo. iu.* Oh now ſtand cloſe: pray God ſhe can get him to reade it.

*Proſ.*

*Prof.* Tut, feare not: I warrant thee, he will do it of himselfe with much impudencie.

*Hef.* Seruant, what is that same I pray you?

*Mat.* Mary an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an oddetoy.

*Gui.* I to mocke an Ape with all, Oh Iesu.

*Bia.* Sister, I pray you lets heare it.

*Mat.* Mistresse Ile reede it if you please.

*Hef.* I pray you doe *seruant*.

*Gui.* Oh heares no foppery. Sblood it freates me to the galle to thinke on it. *Exit.*

*Prof.* Oh I, it is his condition, peace: we are farely ridde of him.

*Mat.* Fayth I did it in an humor: I know not how it is, but please you come neare signior: this gentleman hath iudgement, he knowes how to censure of a.—I pray you sir, you can iudge.

*Step.* Not I sir: *as I haue a soule to be saued, as I am a gentleman.*

*Lo. iu.* Nay its well; so long as he doth not forsweare himselfe.

*Bob,* Signior you abuse the excellencie of your mistresse, and her fayre sister. Fye while you liue auoyd this prolixity.

*Mat.* I shall sir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

*Lo. iu.* How, *Incipere dulce*? a sweete thing to be a Foole indeede.

*Prof.* What, do you take *Incipere* in that sence?

*Lo. iu.* You do not you? Sblood this was your villanie to gull him with a motte.

*Prof.* Oh the Benchers phrase: *Pauca verba, Pauca verba.*

*Mat. Rare creature let me speake without offence,*
*Would God my rude words had the influence:*
*To rule thy thoughts, as thy fayre lookes do mine,*
*Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

*Lo. iu.* S'hart, this is in *Hero* and *Leander*?

*Prof.* Oh I: peace, we shall haue more of this.

*Mat. Be not vnkinde and fayre misshapen stuffe,*
*Is of behauiour boysterous and rough:*

How like you that signior, sblood he shakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any brayne in it.

*Mat.* But obserue the *Catastrophe* now,
*And I in duetie will exceede all other.*
*As you in bewtie do excell Ioans mother.*

*Lo in.* Well ile haue him free of the brokers, for he vtters no thing but stolne remnants.

*Prof.* Nay good *Critique* forbeare.

*Lo in.* A pox on him, hang him filching rogue, steale from the deade? its vvorse then sacriledge.

*Prof.* Sister vvhat haue you heare? *verses*? I pray you lets see.

*Bia.* Do you let them go so lightly sister.

*Hes.* Yes fayth when they come lightly.

*Bia.* I but if your *seruant* should heare you, he vvould take it heauely.

*Hes.* No matter he is able to beare.

*Bia.* So are *Asses*.

*Hes.* so is hee.

*Prof.* Signior *Matheo*, vvho made these verses? they are excellent good.

*Mat.* Oh God sir, its your pleasure to say so sir. Fayth I made them *extempore* this morning.

*Prof.* How *extempore*?

*Mat.* I vvould I might be damnd els: aske signior *Bobadilla*. He sawe me vvrite them, at the: (poxe on it) the *Miter* yonder.

*Mus.* Well, and the Pope knew hee curst the *Miter* it vvere enough to haue him excommunicated all the Tauerns in the towne.

*Step.* Cosen how do you like this gentlemans verses.

*Lo in.* Oh admirable, the best that euer I heard.

*Step.* *By this fayre heauens*, they are admirable,
The best that euer I heard.

*Enter* Giuliano.

*Giu.* I am vext I can hold neuer a bone of me still,
Sblood I think they meane to build a *Tabernacle* heare, vvell?

*Prof.*

*Prof.* Sister you haue a simple seruant heare, that crownes your bewtie vvith such *Encomions* and *Deuises*, you may see what it is to be the mistresse of a vvit, that can make your perfections so transeparent, that euery bleare eye may looke thorough them, and see him drowned ouer head and eares, in the deepe vvell of desire. Sister *Biancha* I meruaile you get you not a seruant that can rime and do *trickes* too.

*Giu.* Oh monster? impudence it selfe; *trickes*?

*Bia.* *Trickes*, brother? what *trickes*?

*Hes.* Nay, speake I pray you, vvhat *trickes*?

*Bia.* I, neuer spare any body heare: but say, vvhat *trickes*?

*Hes.* Passion of my heart? do *trickes*?

*Prof.* Sblood heares a *tricke* vied, and reuied: why you monkies you? vvhat a catterwaling do you keepe? has he not giuen you *rymes*, and *verses*, and *trickes*.

*Giu.* Oh see the Diuell?

*Prof.* Nay, you lampe of virginitie, that take it in snuffe so: come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your *seruant*, youle be begd else shortly for a concealement: go to, rewarde his muse, you cannot giue him lesse then a shilling in conscience, for the booke he had it out of cost him a tetton at the least, how now gallants, *Lorenzo*, signior *Bobadilla*? vvhat all sonnes of scilence? no spirite.

*Giu.* Come you might practise your Ruffian trickes somewhere else, and not heare I wisse: this is no Tauerne, nor no place for such exploites.

*Prof.* Shart how now.

*Giu.* Nay boy, neuer looke askaunce at me for the matter; ile tell you of it by Gods bread? I, and you and your companions mend your selues when I haue done.

*Prof.* My companions.

*Giu.* I your companions sir, so I say? Sblood I am not affrayed of you nor them nevther, you must haue your Poets, & your caueleeres, & your fooles follow you vp and downe the citie, and heare they must come to domineere and swagger? sirha, you *Ballad singer*, and *Slops* your fellow there, get you

out; get you out: or (by the will of God) Ile cut of your eares, goe to.

*Prof.* Sblood ſtay, lets ſee what he dare do: cut of his eares you are an aſſe, touch any man heare, and by the Lord ile run my rapier to the hilts in thee.

*Gui.* Yea, that would I fayne ſee, boy.

*Bia.* Oh Ieſu *Piſo*, *Matheo* murder.

*Heſ.* Helpe, helpe, *Piſo*.

*Lo. iu.* Gentlemen, *Proſpero*, forbeare I pray you.

*They all draw, enter Piſo and ſome more of the houſe to part them, the women make a great crie.*

*Bob.* Well ſirrah, you *Holloſernus*: by my hand I will pinck thy fleſh full of holes with my rapier for this, I will by this good heauen: nay let him come, let him come, gentlemen by the body of S. *George* ile not kill him.

*Piſo.* Hold, hold forbeare:

*Gui.* You whorſon bragging coyſtryll.

*They offer to fight againe and are parted. Enter* Thorello.

*Tho.* Why, how now? whats the matter? what ſtirre is heare, Whence ſprings this quarrell, *Pizo* where is he? Put vp your weapons, and put of this rage. My wife and ſiſter they are cauſe of this, What, *Pizo*? where is this knaue.

*Pizo.* Heare ſir.

*Prof.* Come, lets goe: this is one of my brothers auncient humors this?

*Steph.* I am glad no body was hurt by this auncient humor.

*Exit Proſpero, Lorenzo iu. Muſco, Stephano, Bobadillo, Matheo,*

*Tho.* Why how now brother, who enforſt this braule.

*Gui.* A ſorte of lewd rakehelles, that care neither for God nor the Diuell, And they muſt come heare to read *Ballads* and *Rogery* and *Traſh*, Ile marre the knot of them ere I ſleepe perhaps: eſpecially ſignior *Pithagorus*, he thats al manner of ſhapes: and *Songs and ſonnets*, his fellow there.

*Heſ.* Brother indeede you are to violent,
To ſudden in your courſes, and you know

My

My brother *Proſperus* temper will not beare
Any reproofe, chiefely in ſuch a preſence,
Where euery ſlight diſgrace he ſhould receiue,
Would wound him in opinion and reſpect.

*Gu.* Reſpect? what talke you of reſpect mongſt ſuch
As had neyther ſparke of manhood nor good manners,
By God I am aſhamed to heare you: reſpect? *Exit.*

*Heſ.* Yes there was one a ciuil gentleman,
And very worthely demeand himſelfe.

*Tho.* Oh that was ſome loue of yours, ſiſter.

*Heſ.* A loue of mine? infayth I would he were
No others loue but mine.

*Bia.* Indeede he ſeemd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fayre diſpoſition, and of very excellent good partes.

*Exit Heſperida, Biancha.*

*Tho.* Her loue, by Ieſu: my wifes minion,
Fayre diſpoſition? excellent good partes?
S'hart, theſe phraſes are intollerable,
Good partes? how ſhould ſhe know his partes? well: well.
It is too playne, too cleare: *Pizo*, come hether.
What are they gone?

*Pi.* I ſir they went in.

*Tho.* Are any of the gallants within?

*Pi.* No ſir they are all gone.

*Tho.* Art thou ſure of it?

*Pi.* I ſir I can aſſure you.

*Tho.* *Pizo* what gentleman was that they prayſ'd ſo?

*Pizo.* One they call him ſignior *Lorenzo*, a fayre young gentleman ſir.

*Tho.* I, I thought ſo: my minde gaue me as much:
Sblood ile be hangd if they haue not hid him in the houſe,
Some where, ile goe ſearch, *Pizo* go with me,
Be true to me and thou ſhalt finde me bountifull. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA QVINTA.

*Enter* CoB, *to him* Tib.

*Cob.* What *Tib*, *Tib*, I ſay.

*Tib.* How now, what cuckold is that knockes ſo hard? Oh husband iſt you, whats the newes?

*Cob.* Nay you haue ſtonnd me I fayth? you hue giuen me a knocke on the forehead, will ſticke by me: cuckold? S woundes cuckolde?

*Tib.* Away you foole did I know it vvas you that knockt, Come, come, you may call me as bad vvhen you liſt.

*Cob.* May I? ſwoundes *Tib* you are a whore:

*Tib.* S'hart you lie in your throte.

*Cob.* How the lye? and in my throte too? do you long to be ſtabd, ha?

*Tib.* Why you are no ſouldier?

*Cob.* Maſſe thats true, vvhen vvas *Bobadilla* heare? that *Rogue*, that *Slaue*, that fencing *Burgullian*? ile tickle him I faith.

*Tib.* Why vvhat's the matter?

*Cob.* Oh he hath baſted me rarely, ſumptiouſly: but I haue it heare vvill ſauſe him, oh the *doctor*, the honeſteſt old *Troian* in all *Italy*, I do honour the very flea of his dog: a plague on him he put me once in a villanous filthy feare: marry it vaniſht away like the ſmooke of *Tobacco*: but I vvas ſmookt ſoundly firſt, I thanke the Diuell, and his good *Angell* my gueſt: vvell vvife: or *Tib* (vvhich you vvill) get you in, and locke the doore I charge you, let no body into you: not *Bobadilla* himſelfe; nor the diuell in his likeneſſe; you are a vvoman; you haue fleſh and blood enough in you; therefore be not tempted; keepe the doore ſhut vpon all cummers.

*Tib.* I vvarrant you there ſhall no body enter heare vvithout my conſent.

*Cob.* Nor with your conſent ſweete *Tib* and ſo I leaue you.

*Tib.* Its more then you know, vvhether you leaue me ſo.

*Cob.* How? *Tib.* Why ſweete.

*Cob.* Tut ſweete, or ſoure, thou art a flower,
Keepe cloſe thy doore, I aske no more. *Exeunt.*

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter Lorenzo iu. Proſpero, Stephano, Muſco.*

*Lo. iu.* Well *Muſco* performe this buſineſſe happily,

And thou makeſt a conqueſt of my loue forener,

*Proſ.* I fayth now let thy ſpirites put on their beſt habit, But at any hand remember thy meſſage to my brother. For theres no other meanes to ſtart him?

*Muſ.* I warrant you ſir, ſeare nothing I haue a nimble ſoule that hath wakt all my imaginatiue forces by this time, and put them in true motion: vvhat you haue poſſeſt me withall? Ile diſcharge it amply ſir. Make no queſtion.

*Exit Muſco.*

*Proſ.* Thats vvell ſayd *Muſco*: fayth ſirha how doſt thou, aproue my vvit in this deuiſe?

*Lo.in.* Troth vvell, howſoeuer? but excellent if it take.

*Proſ.* Take man: vvhy it cannot chuſe, but take, if the circumſtances miſcarry not, but tell me zealouſly, doſt thou affect my ſiſter *Heſperida* as thou pretendeſt?

*Lo.in.* *Proſpero* by Ieſu.

*Proſ.* Come do not proteſt I beleeue thee: I fayth ſhe is a virgine of good ornament, and much modeſtie, vnleſſe I conceiud very worthely of her, thou ſhouldeſt not haue her.

*Lo.in.* Nay I thinke it a queſtion whether I ſhall haue her for all that.

*Proſ.* Sblood thou ſhal haue her, by this light thou ſhalt?

*Lo.in.* Nay do not ſweare.

*Proſ.* By *S. Marke* thou ſhalt haue her: ile go fetch her preſently, poynt but where to meete, and by this hand ile bring her?

*Lo.in* Hold, hold, what all pollicie dead? no preuention of miſchiefes ſtirring.

*Proſ.* Why, by what ſhall I ſweare by? thou ſhalt haue her by my ſoule.

*Lo.in.* I pray the haue patience I am ſatiſfied: *Proſpero* omit no offered occaſion, that may make my deſires complcate I beſeech thee.

*Proſ.* I warrant thee.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Lorenzo ſenior, Peto, meeting Muſco.*

*Peto.* Was your man a ſouldier ſir.

*Lo.* I a knaue I tooke him vp begging vpon the way,
This morning as I was cumming to the citie,
Oh? heare he is; come on, you make fayre ſpeede:
Why? whereon Gods name haue you beene ſo long?

*Muſ.* Mary (Gods my comfort) where I thought I ſhould haue had little comfort of your worſhips ſeruice:

*Lo.* How ſo?

*Muſ.* Oh God ſir? your cumming to the citie, & your entertaynement of men, and your ſending me to watch; indeede, all the circumſtances are as open to your ſonne as to your ſelfe.

*Lo.* How ſhould that be? vnleſſe that villaine *Muſco*
Haue told him of the letter, and diſcouered
All that I ſtrictly chargd him to conceale? tis ſoe.

*Muſ.* I fayth you haue hit it: tis ſo indeede.

*Lo.* But how ſhould he know thee to be my man.

*Muſ.* Nay ſir, I cannot tell; vnleſſe it were by the blacke arte? is not your ſonne a ſcholler ſir?

*Lo.* Yes; but I hope his ſoule is not allied
To ſuch a diueliſh practiſe: if it were,
I had iuſt cauſe to weepe my part in him,
And curſe the time of his creation.
But where didſt thou finde them *Portenſio*?

*Muſ.* Nay ſir, rather you ſhould aske where the found me? for ile be ſworne I was going along in the ſtreete, thinking nothing, when (of a ſuddayne) one calles, *Signior Lorenzos man*: another, he cries, *ſouldier*: and thus halfe a doſen of them, till they had got me within doores, where I no ſooner came, but out flies their rapiers and all bent agaynſt my breſt, they ſwore ſome two or three hundreth oathes, and all to tell me I was but a dead man, if I did not confeſſe where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what, which when they could not get out of me: (as Gods my iudge, they ſhould haue kild me firſt) they lockt me vp into a roome in the toppe of a houſe

houſe, where by great miracle (hauing a light hart) I ſlidde downe by a bottome of packthread into the ſtreete, and ſo ſcapt: but maiſter, thus much I can aſſure you, for I heard it while I was lockt vp: there were a great many merchants and rich citizens wiues with them at a banquet, and your ſonne *Signior Lorenzo*, has poynted one of them to meete anone at one *Cobs* houſe, a waterbearers? that dwelles by the wall: now there you ſhall be ſure to take him: for fayle he will not.

*Lo.* Nor will I fayle to breake this match, I doubt not;
Well: go thou along with maiſter doctors man,
And ſtay there for me? at one *Cobs* houſe ſayſt thou. *Exit.*

*Muſ.* I ſir, there you ſhall haue him: when can you tell? much wench, or much ſonne: ſblood when he has ſtayd there three or foure houres', trauelling with the expectation of ſomewhat; and at the length be deliuered of nothing: oh the ſport that I ſhould thē take to look on him if I durſt but now I meane to appeare no more afore him in this ſhape: I haue another tricke to act yet? oh that I were ſo happy, as to light vpon an ounce now of this doctors clarke: God ſaue you ſir,

*Peto.* I thanke you good ſir.

*Muſ.* I haue made you ſtay ſomewhat long ſir.

*Peto.* Not a whit ſir, I pray you what ſir do you meane: you haue beene lately in the warres ſir it ſeemes.

*Muſ.* I Marry haue I ſir.

*Peto.* Troth ſir, I would be glad to beſtow a pottle of wine of you if it pleaſe you to accept it.

*Muſ.* Oh Lord ſir.

*Peto.* But to heare the manner of you ſeruiſes, and your deuiſes in the warres, they ſay they be very ſtrange, and not like thoſe a man reades in the Romane hiſtories.

*Muſ.* Oh God no ſir, why at any time when it pleaſe you, I ſhall be ready to diſcourſe to you what I know: and more to ſomewhat.

*Peto.* No better time then now ſir, weele goe to the *Meermaide* there we ſhall haue a cuppe of neate wine, I pray you ſir let me requeſt you.

*Muſ.* Ile follow you ſir, he is mine owne I fayth. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Babadillo, Lorenzo iu. Matheo, Stephano.*

*Mat* Signior did you euer ſee the like cloune of him, where we vvere to day: ſignior *Proſperos* brother? I thinke the vvhole earth cannot ſhew his like by Ieſu.

*Lo.* We vvere now ſpeaking of him, ſignior *Bobadillo* telles me he is fallen foule of you two.

*Mat.* Oh I ſir, he threatned me with the baſtinado.

*Bo.* I but I think I taught you a trick this morning for that. You ſhall kill him without all queſtion: if you be ſo minded.

*Mat.* Indeede it is a moſt excellent tricke.

*Bo.* Oh you do not giue ſpirit enough to your motion, you are too dull, too tardie: oh it muſt be done like lightning, hay?

*Mat.* Oh rare.

*Bob.* Tut tis nothing and't be not done in a——

*Lo.iu.* Signior did you neuer play with any of our maiſters here.

*Mat.* Oh good ſir.

*Bob.* Nay for a more inſtance of their prepoſterous humor, there came three or foure of them to me, at a gentlemans houſe, where it was my chance to bee reſident at that time, to intreate my preſence at their ſcholes, and withall ſo much importund me, that (I proteſt to you as I am a gentleman) I was aſhamd of their rude demeanor out of all meaſure: vvell, I tolde them that to come to a publique ſchoole they ſhould pardon me, it was oppoſite to my humor, but if ſo they vvould attend me at my lodging, I proteſted to do them what right or fauour I could, as I vvas a gentleman. &c.

*Lo.iu.* So ſir, then you tried their skill.

*Bob.* Alaſſe ſoone tried: you ſhall heare ſir, within two or three dayes after, they came, and by Ieſu good ſignior beleeue me, I grac't them exceedingly, ſhewd them ſome two or three trickes of preuention, hath got them ſince admirable credit, they cannot denie this; and yet now they hate me, and why? becauſe I am excellent, and for no other reaſon on the earth.

*Lo.iu.* This is ſtrange and vile as euer I heard.

*Bob.*

*Bob*. I will tell you sir vpon my first comming to the citie, they assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, six, of them together as I haue walkt alone, in diuers places of the citie; as vpon the exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie: where I haue driuen them afore me the whole length of a streete, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them beleeue me; yet all this lenety will not depresse their spleane: they will be doing with the Pismier, rayling a hill, a man may spurne abroade with his foote at pleasure: by my soule I could haue slayne them all, but I delight not in murder: I am loth to heare any other but a bastinado for them, and yet I hould it good pollicie not to goe disarmd, for though I be skilfull, I may be suppressd with multitudes.

*Lo. iu*. I by Iesu may you sir and (in my conceite) our whole nation should sustayne the losse by it, if it were so.

*Bob*. Alasse no: whats a peculier man, to a nation? not seene.

*Lo iu*. I but your skill sir.

*Bob*. Indeede that might be some losse, but who respects it? I will tel you Signior (in priuate) I am a gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selfe: but were I known to the Duke (obserue me) I would vndertake (vpon my heade and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not onely to spare the intire liues of his subiects ingenerall, but to saue the one halfe: nay there partes of his yeerely charges, in houlding warres generally agaynst all his enemies? and how will I do it thinke you?

*Lo iu*. Nay I know not, nor can I conceiue.

*Bo*. Marry thus, I would select 19 more to my selfe, throughout the land, gentlemē they should be of good spirit; strong & able constitutiō, I would chuse thē by an instinct, a trick that I haue: & I would teach these 19. the special tricks, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerso*, your *Stoccato*, your *Imbroccato*, your *Passado*, your *Montaunto*, till they could all play very neare or altogether as well as my selfe. this done; say the enemie were forty thousand strong: we twenty wold come into the field the tenth of *March*, or ther abouts; & would challendge twenty of the enemie? they could not in there honor refuse the combat: wel, we would kil them:

challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would we kill euery man, his twentie a day, thats twentie score; twentie score, thats two hundreth; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand: fortie thousand; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes killes them all, by computation, and this will I venture my life to performe: prouided there be no treason practised vpon vs.

*Lo.in.* Why are you so sure of your hand at all times?

*Bob.* Tut, neuer mistrust vpon my soule.

*Lo.in.* Masse I would not stand in signior *Giuliano* state, then; And you meete him, for the wealth of *Florence*.

*Bob.* Why signior, by Iesu if hee were heare now: I would not draw my weapon on him, let this gentleman doe his mind, but I wil baltinado him (by heauen) & euer I meete him.

*Mat.* Fayth and Ile haue a fling at him.

*Enter* Giuliano *and goes out agayne.*

*Lo.in.* Looke yonder he goes I thinke.

*Gui.* Sblood vvhat lucke haue I, I cannot meete vvith these bragging rascalls.

*Bob.* Its not he: is it?

*Lo.in.* Yes fayth it is he?

*Mat.* Ile be hangd then if that vvere he.

*Lo.in.* Before God it vvas he: you make me sweare.

*Step.* Vpon my saluation it vvas hee.

*Bob.* Well had I thought it had beene he: he could not haue gone so, but I cannot be induc'd to beleeue it vvas he yet.

*Enter* Giulliano.

*Giu.* Oh gallant haue I found you? draw to your tooles, draw, or by Gods vvill Ile thresh you.

*Bob.* Signior heare me?

*Gui.* Draw your vveapons then:

*Bob.* Signior, I neuer thought it till now: body of S. *George*. I haue a vvarrant of the peace serued on me euen now, as I came along by a vvaterbearer, this gentleman saw it, signior *Mathee*.

*Giu.*

*Giu.* The peace? Sblood, you vvill not draw?

*Matheo runnes away.*

*Lo.iu.* Hold ſignior hold, vnder thy fauour forbeare. *He beates him and diſarmes him.*

*Giu.* Prate agayne as you like this you vvhoreſon cowardly raſcall, youle controule the poynt you? your conſort hee is gone? had he ſtayd he had ſhard vvith yow infayth.

*Exit* Giulliano.

*Bob.* Well gentlemen beare vvitneſſe I vvas bound to the peace, by Ieſu.

*Lo.iu.* Why and though you vvere ſir, the lawe alowes you to defend your ſelfe; thats but a poore excuſe.

*Bob.* I cannot tell; I neuer ſuſtayned the like diſgrace (by heauen) ſure I vvas ſtrooke vvith a Plannet then, for I had no power to touch my vvespon. *Exit.*

*Lo.iu.* I like inough I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet; goe get you to the Surgions, ſblood and theſe be your tricks, your paſſados, & your Mountauntos ile none of them: oh God that this age ſhould bring foorth ſnch creatures? come coſen.

*Step.* Maſſe ile haue this cloke.

*Lo.iu.* Gods vvill: its *Giullianos*.

*Step.* Nay but tis mine now, another might haue tane it vp aſwell as I, ile vveare it ſo I vvill.

*Lo.iu.* How and he ſee it, heele challenge it aſſure your ſelfe.

*Step.* I but he ſhall not haue it; ile ſay I bought it.

*Lo.iu.* Aduiſe you coſen, take heede he giue not you as much. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thorello, Proſpero, Biancha, Heſperida.*

*Tho.* Now truſt me *Proſpero* you were much to blame,
T'incenſe your brother and diſturbe the peace,
Of my poore houſe, for there be ſentinelles,
That euery minute vvatch to giue alarames,
Of ciuill vvarre, vvithout adiection,
Of your aſſiſtance and occaſion.

*Proſ.* No harme done brother I vvarrant you: ſince there is

no harme done, anger coſts a man nothing: and a tall man is neuer his owne man til he be angry, to keep his valure in obſcuritie: is to keepe himſelfe as it were *in* a cloke-bag: vvhats a muſition vnleſſe he play? whats a tall man vnleſſe he fight? for indeede all this my brother ſtands vpon abſolutely, and that made me fall in vvith him ſo reſolutely.

*Bia.* I but vvhat harme might haue come of it?

*Prof.* Might? ſo might the good warme cloathes your huſband vveares be poyſond for any thing he knowes, or the vvholeſome vvine he drunke euen now at the table.

*Tho.* Now God forbid: O me? now I remember,
My vvife drunke to me laſt; and changd the cuppe,
And bad me vvare this curſed ſute to day,
See, if God ſuffer murder vndiſcouered?
I feele me ill; giue me ſome Mithredate,
Some Mithredate and oyle; good ſiſter fetch me,
O, I am ſicke at hart: I burne, I burne;
If you will ſaue my life goe fetch it mee.

*Prof.* Oh ſtrange humor my very breath hath poyſond him.

*Hef.* Good brother be content, what do you meane,
The ſtrength of theſe extreame conceites will kill you?

*Bia.* Beſhrew your hart blood, brother *Proſpero*,
For putting ſuch a toy into his head.

*Prof.* Is a fit ſimilie, a toy? will he be poyſond with a ſimilie?
Brother *Thorello*, what a ſtrange and vaine imagination is this?
For ſhame be wiſer, of my ſoule theres no ſuch matter.

*Tho.* Am I not ſicke? how am I then not poyſond?
Am I not poyſond? how am I then ſo ſicke?

*Bia.* If you be ſicke, your owne thoughts make you ſicke.

*Prof.* His iealoucie is the poyſon he hath taken.

*Enter* Muſco *like the doctors man.*

*Muſ.* Signior *Thorello* my maiſter doctor *Clement* ſalutes you, and deſires to ſpeake with you, with all ſpeede poſſible.

*Tho.* No time but now? well, ile waite vpon his worſhip, *Piso*, *Cob*, ile ſeeke them out, and ſet them ſentinelles till I re-

turne

turne. *Pizo, Cob, Pizo.* *Exit.*

*Prof. Muſco*, this is rare, but how gotſt thou this apparrel of the doctors man.

*Muſ.* Marry ſir. My youth would needes beſtow the wine of me to heare ſome martiall diſcourſe; where I ſo marſhald him, that I made him monſtrous drunke, & becauſe too much heate vvas the cauſe of his diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtarke naked as he lay along a ſleepe, and borrowed his ſewt to deliuer this counterfeit meſſage in, leauing a ruſtie armoure, and an olde browne bill to watch him; till my returne: which ſhall be when I haue paund his apparrell, and ſpent the monie perhappes.

*Prof.* Well thou art a madde knaue *Muſco*, his abſence will be a good ſubiect for more mirth: I pray the returne to thy young maiſter *Lorenzo*, and will him to meete me and *Heſperida* at the Friery preſently: for here tell him the houſe is ſo ſturde with iealouſie, that there is no roome for loue to ſtand vpright in: but ile vſe ſuch meanes ſhe ſhall come thether, and that I thinke will meete beſt with his deſires: Hye thee good *Muſco*.

*Muſ.* I goe ſir. *Exit.*

*Enter* Thorello *to him* Pizo.

*Tho.* Ho *Pizo, Cob*, where are theſe villaines troe?
Oh, art thou there? *Pizo* harke thee here:
Marke what I ſay to thee, I muſt goe foorth;
Be carefull of thy promiſe, keepe good watch,
Note euery gallant and obſerue him well,
That enters in my abſence to thy miſtriſſe;
If ſhe would ſhew him roomes, the ieaſt is ſtale,
Follow them *Pizo* or els hang on him,
And let him not go after, marke their lookes?
Note if ſhe offer but to ſee his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him,
But prayſe his legge, or foote, or if ſhe ſay,

The day is hotte, and bid him feele her hand,
How hot it is, oh thats a monstrous thing:
Note me all this, sweete *Pizo*; marke their sighes,
And if they do but vvisper breake them off,
Ile beare thee out in it: vvilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true sweete *Pizo*?

*Pi.* Most true sir.

*Tho.* Thankes gentle *Pizo*: vvhere is *Cob*? now: *Cob*?

*Exit* Thorello.

*Bia.* Hees euer calling for *Cob*, I vvonder how hee imployes *Cob* soe.

*Prof.* Indeede sister to aske how he imployes *Cob*, is a necessary question for you that are his vvife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in: but this ile assure you *Cobs* wife is an excellent baud indeede: and oftentimes your husband hauntes her house, marry to vvhat end I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you vvhat you thinke conuenient: but I haue knowne fayre hides haue foule hartes eare now, I can tell you.

*Bia.* Neuer sayd you truer then that brother? *Pizo* fetch your cloke, aud goe vvith me, ile after him presently: I vvould to Christ I could take him there I fayth.

*Exeunt* Pizo *and* Biancha.

*Prof.* So let them goe: this may make sport anone, now my fayre sister *Hesperida*: ah that you knew how happy a thing it vvere to be fayre and bewtifull?

*Hes.* That toucheth not me brother.

*Prof.* Thats true: thats euen the fault of it, for indeede bewtie stands a woman in no stead, vnles it procure her touching: but sister vvhether it touch you or noe, it touches your bewties, and I am sure they will abide the touch, and they doe not a plague of al cerusse say I, and it touches me to inpart, though not in thee. Well, theres a deare and respected friend of mine sister, stands very strongly affected towardes you, and hath vowed to inflame vvhole bonefires of zeale in his hart, in honor of your perfections, I haue already engaged my promise

to

to bring you where you ſhal heare him conferme much more then I am able to lay downe for him: Signior *Lorenzo* is the man: vvhat ſay you ſiſter ſhall I intreate ſo much fauour of you for my friend, is too direct and attend you to his meeting? vpon my ſoule he loues you extreamely, approue it ſweete *Heſperida* vvill you?

*Heſ.* Fayth I had very little confidence in mine owne conſtancie if I durſt not meete a man: but brother *Proſpero* this motion of yours ſauours of an olde knight aduenturers ſeruant, me thinkes.

*Proſ.* Whats that ſiſter.

*Heſ.* Marry of the ſquire.

*Proſ.* No matter *Heſperida* if it did, I vvould be ſuch an one for my friend, but ſay, will you goe?

*Heſ.* Brother I will, and bleſſe my happy ſtarres.

*Enter* Clement *and* Thorello.

*Clem.* Why vvhat villanie is this? my man gone on a falſe meſſage, and runne away vvhen he has done, vvhy vvhat trick is there in it trow? 1. 2. 3. 4. and 5.

*Tho.* How: is my wife gone foorth, vvhere is ſhe ſiſter?

*Heſ.* Shees gone abrode vvith *Pizo*.

*Tho.* Abrode vvith *Pizo*? oh that villaine dors me,
He hath diſcouered all vnto my vvife,
Beaſt that I vvas to truſt him: vvhither vvent ſhe?

*Heſ.* I know not ſir.

*Proſ.* Ile tell you brother vvhither I ſuſpect ſhees gone.

*Tho.* Whither for Gods ſake?

*Proſ.* To *Cobs* houſe I beleeue: but keepe my counſayle.

*Tho.* I vvill, I vvill, to *Cobs* houſe? doth ſhe haunt *Cobs*,
Shees gone a purpoſe now to cuckold me,
With that lewd raſcall, vvho to vvinne her fauour,
Hath told her all. *Exit.*

*Clem.* But did you miſtreſſe ſee my man bring him a meſſage.

*Proſ.* That vve did maiſter doctor.

*Clem.* And vvhither vvent the knaue?

*Prof.* To the Tauerne I thinke ſir.

*Clem.* What did *Thorello* giue him any thing to ſpend for the meſſage he brought him? if he did I ſhould commend my mans vvit exceedingly if he vvould make himſelfe drunke, vvith the ioy of it, farewell Lady, keepe good rule you two: I beſeech you now: by Gods marry my man makes mee laugh. *Exit.*

*Prof.* What a madde Doctor is this? come ſiſter lets away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Matheo *and* Bobadillo.

*Mat.* I vvonder ſignior vvhat they vvill ſay of my going away: ha?

*Bob.* Why, what ſhould they ſay? but as of a diſcreet gentleman. Quick, wary, reſpectfull of natures, Fayre liniamentes, and thats all.

*Mat.* Why ſo, but what can they ſay of your beating?

*Bob* A rude part, a touch with ſoft wood, a kinde of groſſe batterie vſed, layd on ſtrongly: borne moſt paciently, and thats all.

*Mat.* I but would any man haue offered it in *Venice*?

*Bob.* Tut I aſſure you no: you ſhall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in brauely vpon your reuerſe, ſtand you cloſe, ſtand you ferme, ſtand you fayre, ſaue your retricato with his left legge, come to the aſſault o with the right, thruſt with braue ſteele, defie your baſe wood. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was bewitcht by Ieſu: but I will be reuenged.

*Mat.* Do you heare iſt not beſt to get a warrant and haue him areſted, and brought before doctor *Clement*.

*Bob.* It were not amiſſe would we had it.

*Enter* Muſco.

*Mat.* Why here comes his man, lets ſpeake to him.

*Bob.* Agreed, do you ſpeake.

*Mat.* God ſaue you ſir.

*Muſ.* With all my hart ſir?

*Mat.* Sir there is one *Giulliano* hath abuſd this gentleman and

and me, and we determine to make our amendes by law, now if you would do vs the fauour to procure vs a warrant for his areſt of your maiſter, you ſhall be well conſidered I aſſure, I fayth ſir.

*Muſ.* Sir you know my ſeruice is my liuing, ſuch fauours as theſe gotten of my maiſter is his onely preferment, and therefore you muſt conſider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

*Mat.* How is that?

*Muſ.* Fayth ſir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be of great accompt: yet be what he will, if you will lay me downe fiue crownes in my hand, you ſhall haue it, otherwiſe not.

*Mat.* How ſhall we do ſignior? you haue no monie.

*Bob* Not a crolle by Ieſu.

*Mat.* Nor I before God but two pence: left of my two ſhillings in the morning for vvine and ca , let's giue him ſome pawne.

*Bob.* Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demaunde.

*Mat.* Oh Lord man, ile pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your ſilke ſtockins, and pull vp your bootes, they will neare be miſt.

*Bob.* Well and there be no remedie: ile ſtep aſide and put them of.

*Mat.* Doe you heare ſir, we haue no ſtore of monie at this time, but you ſhall haue good pawnes, looke you ſir, this Iewell, and this gentlemans ſilke ſtockins, becauſe we would haue it diſpatcht ere we went to our chambers.

*Muſ.* I am content ſir, I will get you the warrant preſently whats his name ſay you (*Giulliano.*)

*Mat.* I, I, *Giulliano.*

*Muſ.* What manner of man is he?

*Mat.* A tall bigge man ſir, he goes in a cloake moſt commonly of ſilke ruſſet: layd about with ruſſet lace.

*Muſ.* Tis very good ſir.

*Mat.* Here ſir, heres my iewell?

*Bob.* And heare are ſtockins.

*Muſ.* Well gentlemen ile procure this vvaarrant preſently, and appoynt you a varlet of the citie to ſerue it, if youle be vpon the Realto anone, the varlet ſhall meete you there.

*Mat.* Very good ſir I vviſh no better.

*Exeunt* Bobadilla *and* Matheo.

*Muſ.* This is rare, now vvill I goe pawne this cloake of the doctors mans at the brokers for a varlets ſute, and be the varlet my ſelfe, and get eyther more pawnes, or more money of *Giulliano* for my arreſt. *Exit.*

## ACTVS QVINTVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter* Lorenzo *ſenior.*

*Lo. ſe.* Oh heare it is, I am glad I haue found it now,
Ho? vvho is vvithin heare? *Enter* Tib.

*Tib.* I am within ſir, whats your pleaſure?

*Lo. ſe.* To know vvho is vvithin beſides your ſelfe.

*Tib.* Why ſir, you are no conſtable I hope?

*Lo. ſe.* O feare you the conſtable? then I doubt not,
You haue ſome gueſts within deſerue that feare,
Ile fetch him ſtraight.

*Tib.* A Gods name ſir.

*Lo. ſe.* Go to, tell me is not the young *Lorenzo* here?

*Tib.* Young *Lorenzo*, I ſaw none ſuch ſir, of mine honeſtie.

*Lo. ſe.* Go to, your honeſtie flies too lightly from you:
Theres no way but fetch the conſtable.

*Tib.* The conſtable, the man is mad I think. *Claps to the doore.*

*Enter* Pizo, *and* Biancha.

*Pizo.* Ho, vvho keepes houſe here?

*Lo. ſe.* Oh, this is the female copeſ-mate of my ſonne.
Now ſhall I meete him ſtraight.

*Bia.* Knocke *Pizo* pray thee.

*Pi.* Ho good vvife.

*Tib.* Why vvhats the matter vvith you. *Enter* Tib.

*Bia.* Why vvoman, grieues it you to ope your doore?
Belike you get ſomething to keepe it ſhut.

*Tib.* What meane theſe queſtions pray ye?

*Bia.*

*Bia.* So ſtrange you make it? is not *Thorello* my tryed huſband here.

*Loſe.* Her husband?

*Tib.* I hope he needes not to be tryed here.

*Bia.* No dame: he hoth it not for neede but pleaſure.

*Tib.* Neyther for neede nor pleaſure is he here.

*Loſe.* This is but a deuiſe to balke me vvith al; Soft, whoes this? *Enter* Thorello.

*Bia.* Oh ſir, haue I fore-ſtald your honeſt market? Found your cloſe walkes? you ſtand amazd now, do you? I tayth (I am glad) I haue ſmokt you yet at laſt; Whats your iewell trow? In: come lets ſee her; Fetch foorth your huſwife, dame; if ſhe be fayrer In any honeſt iudgement then my ſelfe, Ile be content vvith it: but ſhe is chaunge, She feedes you fat; ſhe ſoothes your appetite, And you are well: your vvife an honeſt vvoman, Is meate twiſe ſod to you ſir; A you trecher.

*Loſe.* She cannot counterfeit this palpably.

*Tho.* Out on thee more then ſtrumpets impudencie, Stealſt thou thus to thy hauntes? and haue I taken, Thy baud, and thee, and thy companion? This hoary headed letcher, this olde goate Cloſe at your villanie, and wouldſt thou ſcuſe it, With this ſtale harlots ieſt, accuſing me? O ould incontinent, doſt thou not ſhame, When all thy powers inchaſtitie is ſpent, To haue a minde ſo hot? and to entiſe And feede the intiſements of a luſtfull woman?

*Bia.* Out I defie thee I, deſembling wretch:

*Tho.* Defie me ſtrumpet? aske thy paunder here, Can he denie it? or that wicked elder.

*Loſen.* Why heare you ſignior?

*Tho.* Tut, tut, neuer ſpeake, Thy guiltie conſcience will diſcouer thee:

*Loſe.* What lunacie is this that haunts this man?

*Enter* Giulliano.

*Giu.* Oh ſiſter did you ſee my cloake?

*Bia.* Not I, I ſee none.

*Giu.* Gods life I haue loſt it then, ſaw you *Heſperida*?

*Tho.* *Heſperida*? is ſhe not at home

*Giu.* No ſhe is gone abroade, and no body can tell me of it at home. *Exit.*

*Tho.* Oh heauen,? abroade? what light? a harlot too? Why? why? harke you, hath ſhe? hath ſhe not a brother? A brothers houſe to keepe? to looke vnto? But ſhe muſt fling abroade, my wife hath ſpoyld her, She takes right after her, ſhe does, ſhe does, Well you goody baud and —— *Enter* Cob. That make your husband ſuch a hoddy dody; And you young apple ſquire, and olde cuckold maker, Ile haue you euery one before the Doctor, Nay you ſhall anſwere it I chardge you goe.

*Loſe.* Marry with all my hart, ile goe willingly: how haue I vvrongd my ſelfe in coming here.

*Bi.* Go with thee? ile go with thee to thy ſhame, I warrant thee.

*Cob.* Why vvhats the matter? vvhats here to doe?

*Tho.* What *Cob* art thou here? oh I am abuſd, And in thy houſe, vvas neuer man ſo vvrongd.

*Cob.* Slid in my houſe? vvho vvrongd you in my houſe?

*Tho.* Marry young luſt in olde, and olde in young here, Thy wifes their baud, here haue I taken them.

*Cob.* Doe you here? did I not charge you keepe your dores ſhut here, and do you let them lie open for all cõmers, do you ſcratch. *Cob beates his wife.*

*Loſe.* Friend haue patience if ſhe haue done wrong in this let her anſwere it afore the Magiſtrate.

*Cob.* I, come, you ſhall goe afore the Doctor.

*Tib.* Nay, I will go, ile ſee and you may be aloud to beate your poore wife thus at euery cuckoldly knaues pleaſure, the Diuell and the Pox take you all for me: vvhy doe you not goe now.

*Tho.*

*Tho.* A bitter queane, come weele haue you tamd. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Muſco *alone.*

*Muſ.* Well of all my diſguiſes yet now am I moſt like my ſelfe, beeing in this varlets ſuit, a man of my preſent profeſſion neuer counterfeites till he lay holde vpon a debtor, and ſayes he reſts him, for then he bringes him to al manner of vnreſt; A kinde of little kings vve are, bearing the diminitiue of a mace made like a young Hartechocke that alwayes carries Pepper and ſalte in it ſelfe, well I know not what danger I vnder go by this exploite, pray God I come vvell of.

*Enter* Bobadilla *and* Matheo.

*Mat.* See I thinke yonder is the varlet.

*Bob.* Lets go inqueſt of him.

*Mat.* God ſaue you friend, are not you here by the appoyntment of doctor *Clements* man.

*Muſ.* Yes and pleaſe you ſir, he told me two gentlemen had wild him to procure an areſt vpon one ſignior *Giulliano* by a vvarrant from his maiſter, vvhich I haue about me.

*Mat.* It is honeſtly done of you both, and ſee where hee coms you muſt areſt, vppon him for Gods ſake before hee beware.

*Enter* Stephano.

*Bob.* Beare backe *Matheo*?

*Muſ.* Signior *Giulliano* I areſt you ſir in the Dukes name.

*Step.* Signior *Giulliano*? am I ſignior *Giulliano*? I am one ſignior *Stephano* I tell you, and you do not vvell by Gods ſlid to areſt me, I tell you truely; I am not in your maiſters bookes, I would you ſhould vvell know I: and a plague of God on you for making me afrayd thus.

*Muſ.* Why, how are you deceiued gentlemen?

*Bob.* He weares ſuch a cloake, and that deceiued vs, But ſee here a coms, officer, this is he.

*Enter* Giulliano.

*Giu.* Why how now ſignior gull: are you a turnd flincher of late, come deliuer my cloake.

*Step.* Your cloake ſir? I bought it euen now in the market.

*Muſ* Signior *Giulliano* I muſt areſt you ſir.

*Giu.* Arreſt me ſir, at whoſe ſuite?

*Muſ.* At theſe two gentlemens.

*Giu.* I obey thee varlet; but for theſe villianes——

*Muſ.* Keepe the peace I charge you ſir, in the Dukes name Sir.

*Giu.* Whats the matter varlet?

*Muſ.* You muſt goe before maiſter doctor *Clement* ſir, to anſwere what theſe gentlemen will obiect againſt you, harke you ſir, I will vſe you kindely.

*Mat.* Weele be euen with you ſir, come ſignior *Bobadilla*, weele goe before and prepare the doctor: varlet looke to him.

*Exeunt* Bobadilla *and* Matheo.

*Bob.* The varlet is a tall man by Ieſu.

*Giu.* Away you raſcalles,
Signior I ſhall haue my cloake.

*Step.* Your cloake: I ſay once againe I bought it, and ile keepe it.

*Giu.* You will keepe it?

*Step.* I, that I will.

*Giu.* Varlet ſtay, heres thy fee arreſt him.

*Muſ.* Signior *Stephano* I arreſt you.

*Step.* Arreſt me? there take your cloake: ile none of it.

*Giu.* Nay that ſhall not ſerue your turne, varlet, bring him away, ile goe with thee now to the doctors, and carry him along.

*Step.* Why is not here your cloake? what would you haue?

*Giu.* I care not for that.

*Muſ.* I pray you ſir.

*Giu.* Neuer talke of it; I will haue him anſwere it.

*Muſ.* Well ſir then ile leaue you, ile take this gentlemans woorde for his appearance, as I haue done yours.

*Giu.* Tut ile haue no woordes taken, bring him along to anſwere it.

*Muſ.* Good ſir I pitie the gentlemans caſe, heres your monie againe.

*Giu.* Gods

*Giu.* Gods bread, tell not me of my monie, bring him away I say.

*Muſ.* I warrant you, he will goe with you of himſelfe.

*Giu.* Yet more adoe?

*Muſ.* I haue made a fayre maſhe of it.

*Step.* Muſt I goe? *Exeunt.*

*Enter doctor* Clement, Thorello, Lorenzo ſe. Bianchia, Pizo, Tib, *a ſeruant or two of the Doctors.*

*Clem.* Nay but ſtay, ſtay giue me leaue; my chayre ſirha? you ſignior *Lorenzo* ſay you vvent thether to meete your ſonne.

*Lo. ſe.* I ſir.

*Clem.* But vvho directed you thether?

*Lo. ſe.* That did my man ſir?

*Clem.* Where is hee?

*Lo. ſe.* Nay I know not now, I left him vvith your clarke, And appoynted him to ſtay here for me.

*Clem.* About vvhat time vvas this?

*Lo. ſe.* Marry betweene one and two as I take it.

*Clem.* So, what time came my man with the meſſage to you Signior *Thorello?*

*Tho.* After two ſir.

*Clem.* Very good, but Lady how that you were at *Cobs*: ha?

*Bia.* And pleaſe you ſir, ile tell you: my brother *Proſpero* tolde me that *Cobs* houſe vvas a ſuſpected place.

*Clem.* So it appeares me thinkes; but on,

*Bia.* And that my husband vſed thether dayly;

*Clem.* No matter, ſo he vſe himſelfe vvell.

*Bia.* True ſir, but you know vvhat growes by ſuch haunts oftentimes.

*Clem.* I, ranke fruites of a iealous brayne Lady: but did you finde your huſband there in that caſe, as you ſuſpected.

*Tho.* I found her there ſir.

*Clem.* Did you ſo? that alters the caſe; who gaue you knowledge of your wiues beeing there?

*Tho.* Marry that did my brother *Proſpero.*

*Clem.* How *Prospero*, first tell her, then tell you after? vvhere is *Prospero*.

*Tho.* Gone vvith my sister sir, I know not vvhither.

*Clem.* Why this is a meare tricke, a deuise; you are gulled in this most grosly: alasse poore vvench vvert thou beaten for this, how now sirha vvhats the matter? *Enter one of the Do.men.*

*Ser.* Sir theres a gentleman in the court vvithout desires to speake vvith your vvorship.

*Clem.* A gentleman? vvhats he?

*Ser.* A Souldier, sir, he sayeth.

*Clem.* A Souldier? fetch me my armour, my sworde, quickly a souldier speake vvith me, vvhy vvhen knaues, — come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; giue me my gorget, my sword stand by I vvill end your matters anone; let the souldier enter, now sir vvhat haue you to say to me?

*Enter* Bobadillo *and* Matheo.

*Bob.* By your vvorships fauour.

*Clem.* Nay keepe out sir, I know not your pretence, you send me vvord sir you are a souldier, vvhy sir you shall bee answered here, here be them haue beene amongst souldiers. Sir your pleasure.

*Bob.* Fayth sir so it is: this gentleman and my selfe haue beene most violently vvronged by one signior *Giuliano*: a gallant of the citie here, and for my owne part I protest, beeing a man in no sorte giuen to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the vvay of my peace: dispoyld me of mine honor, disarmd me of my vveapons, and beaten me in the open streetes: vvhen I not so much as once offered to resist him.

*Clem.* Oh Gods precious is this the souldier? here take my armour quickly, twill make him swoone I feare; he is not fit to looke on't, that vvill put vp a blow.

*Enter Seruant.*

*Mat.* And't please your worship he was bound to the peace.

*Clem.* Why, and he were sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

*Ser.*

*Ser.* There is one of the varlets of the citie, has brought two gentlemen here vpon areſt ſir.

*Clem.* Bid him come in, ſet by the picture: now ſir, what? ſignior *Giuliano*? iſt you that are areſted at ſignior freſhwaters ſuit here. *Enter* Muſ. *with* Giu. & Stephano.

*Giu.* Ifayth maiſter Doctor, and heres another brought at my ſuite.

*Clem.* What are yo ſir.

*Step.* A gentleman ſir? oh vncle?

*Clem.* Vncle? vvho, *Lorenzo*?

*Lo.ſe.* I Sir.

*Step.* Gods my vvitneſſe my vncle, I am vvrongd here monſtrouſly, he chargeth me vvith ſtealing of his cloake, & vvould I might neuer ſtir, if I did not finde it in the ſtreet by chance.

*Giu.* Oh did you finde it now? you ſaide you bought it ere vvhile?

*Step.* And you ſayd I ſtole it, nay now my vncle is here I care not.

*Clem.* Well let this breath a while; you that haue cauſe to complaine there, ſtand foorth; had you a vvarrant for this arreſt.

*Bob.* I andt pleaſe your vvorſhip.

*Clem.* Nay do not ſpeake in paſſion ſo, vvhere had you it?

*Bob.* Of your clarke ſir.

*Clem.* Thats vvell and my clarke can make vvarrants, and my hand not at them; vvhere is the vvarrant? varlet haue you it?

*Muſ.* No ſir your vvorſhippes man bid me doe it; for theſe gentlemen and he vvould be my diſcharge.

*Clem.* Why ſignior *Giuliano*, are you ſuch a nouice to be areſted and neuer ſee the vvarrant?

*Giu.* Why ſir, he did not arreſt me.

*Clem.* No? how then?

*Giu.* Marry ſir, he came to me and ſayd he muſt arreſt me, and he vvould vſe me kindely, and ſo foorth.

*Clem.* Oh Gods pittie, vvas it ſo ſir, he muſt arreſt you: giue

me my long sworde there: helpe me of; so, come on sir varlet, I must cut of your legges sirha; nay stand vp ile vse you kindly; I must cut of your legges I say.

*Mus.* Oh good sir I beseech you, nay good maister doctor, Oh good sir.

*Clem.* I must do it; there is no remedie;
I must cut of your legges sirha.
I must cut of your eares, you rascall I must do it;
I must cut of your nose, I must cut of your head.

*Mus.* Oh for God sake good Maister Doctor.

*Clem.* Well rise how doest thou now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?

*Mus.* No I thanke God sir and your good worshippe.

*Clem.* Why so I sayd I must cut of thy legges, and I must cut of thy armes, and I must cut of thy head: but I did not do it: so you sayd you must arrest this gentleman, but you did not arrest him you knaue, you slaue, you rogue, do you say you must arrest sirha: away with him to the iayle, ile teach you a tricke for your must.

*Mus.* Good M. Doctor I beseech you be good to me.

*Clem.* Marry a God: away with him I say.

*Mus.* Nay sblood before I goe to prison, ile put on my olde brasen face, and disclaime in my vocation: Ile discouer thats flat, and I be committed, it shall be for the committing of more villainies then this, hang me, and I loose the least graine of my fame.

*Clem* Why? vvhen knaue? by Gods marry, ile clappe thee by the heeles to.

*Mus.* Hold, hold I pray you.

*Clem.* Whats the matter? stay there.

*Mus.* Fayth sir afore I goe to this house of bondage, I haue a case to vnfolde to your worshippe: which (that it may appeare more playne vnto your worshippes view) I do thus first of all vncase, & appeare in mine owne proper nature, seruant to this gentleman: and knowne by the name of *Musco*.

*Lo.se.* Ha? *Musco.*

*Step.* Oh vncle, *Musco* has beene with my cosen and I

all

all this day.

*Clem.* Did not I tell you there was ſome deuiſe.

*Muſ.* Nay good M. Doctor ſince I haue layd my ſelfe thus open to your worſhip: now ſtand ſtrong for me, till the progreſſe of my tale be ended, and then if my vvit do not deſerue your countenance: Slight throw it on a dogge, and let me goe hang my ſelfe.

*Cle.* Body of me a merry knaue, giue me a boule of Sack, ſignior *Lorenzo*, I beſpeak your patience in perticuler, marry your eares ingenerall, here knaue, Doctor *Clement* drinkes to thee.

*Muſ.* I pledge M. Doctor and't were a ſea to the bottome.

*Cle.* Fill his boule for that, fil his boule: ſo, now ſpeak freely.

*Muſ.* Indeede this is it will make a man ſpeake freely. But to the poynt, know then that I *Muſco* (beeing ſomewhat more truſted of my maiſter then reaſon required, and knowing his intent to *Florence*) did aſſume the habit of a poore ſouldier in wants, and minding by ſome meanes to intercept his iorney in the mid way, twixt the grandg and the city, I encountred him, where begging of him in the moſt accompliſht and true garbe (as they tearme it) contrarie to al expectation, he reclaimd me from that bad courſe of life; entertayned me into his ſeruice, imployed me in his buſines poſſeſt me with his ſecrets, which I no ſooner had receiued, but (ſeeking my young maiſter, and finding him at this gentlemans houſe) I reuealed all moſt amply: this done, by the deuiſe of ſignior *Proſpero*, and him togethet, I returnd (as the Rauen did to the Arke) to mine olde maiſter againe, told him he ſhould finde his ſonne in what maner he knows, at one *Cobs* houſe, where indeede he neuer ment to come, now my maiſter he to maintayne the ieſt, went thether, and ieft me with your vvorſhips clarke: vvho being of a moſt fine ſupple diſpoſition (as moſt of your clarkes are) proffers me the wine, which I had the grace to accept very eaſily, and to the tauerne we went: there after much ceremonie, I made him drunke in kindeneſſe, ſtript him to his ſhurt, and leauing him in that coole vayne, departed, frolicke, courtier like, hauing obtayned a ſuit: which ſuit fitting me exceedingly

well, I put on, and vsurping your mans phrase & action, caried a message to Signior *Thorello* in your name: vvhich message vvas meerely deuised but to procure his absence, while Signor *Prospero* might make a conueiance of *Hesperida* to my maister.

*Clem.* Stay, fill me the boule agayne, here; twere pittie of his life vvould not cherish such a spirite: I drinke to thee, fill him wine, why now do you perceiue the tricke of it.

*Tho.* I, I, perceiue vvell vve vvere all abusd.

*Lo, fe.* Well vvhat remedie?

*Clem.* Where is *Lorenzo*, and *Prospero* canst thou tell?

*Mus.* I sir, they are at supper at the *Meremaid*, where I left your man.

*Clem.* Sirha goe vvarne them hether presently before me: and if the hower of your fellowes resurrection become bring him to. But forwarde, forwarde, vvhen thou hadst beene at *Thorrelles*. *Exit seruant.*

*Mus.* Marry sir (comming along the streete) these two gentlemen meet me, and very strongly supposing me to be your vvorships scribe, entreated me to procure them a vvarrant, for the arrest of signior *Giulliano*, I promist them vpon some paire of silke stockins or a iewell, or so, to do it, and to get a varlet of the citie to serue it, vvhich varlet I appoynted should meete them vpon the Realto at such an houre, they no sooner gone, but I in a meere hope of more gaine by signior *Giulliano*, went to one of *Satans* old Ingles a broker, & there paund your mans liuerie, for a varlets suite, vvhich here vvith my selfe, I offer vnto your vvorships consideration.

*Clem.* Well giue me thy hand: *Prob. superi ingenium magnum quis nosceit Homerum. Iliàs æternum si latuisset opus?* I admire thee I honor thee, and if thy maister, or any man here be angry with thee, I shall suspect his wit while I know him for it, doe you heare Signior *Thorello*, Signior *Lorenzo*, and the rest of my good friendes, I pray you let me haue peace when they come, I haue sent for the two gallants and *Hesperida*, Gods marry I must haue you friendes, how now? what noyse is there?

*Enter seruant, then* Peto.

*Ser.* Sir it is *Peto* is come home.

*Clem.*

*Cle.* *Peto* bring him hether, bring him hether, what how now signior drunckard, in armes against me, ha? your reason your reason for this.

*Pe.* I beseech your worship to pardon me.

*Clem.* Well, sirha tell him I do pardon him.

*Pe.* Truly sir I did happen into bad companie by chance and they cast me in a sleepe and stript me of all my cloathes.

*Clem.* Tut this is not to the purpose touching your armour, what might your armour signifie.

*Pe.* Marry sir it hung in the roome where they stript me, and I borrowed it of on of the drawers, now in the euening to come home in, because I was loth to come through the street in my shurt.

*Enter* Lorenzo *iunior*, Prospero, Hesperida.

*Clem.* Well disarme him, but its no matter let him stand by, who be these? oh young gal'ants; welcome, welcome, and you Lady, nay neuer scatter such amazed lookes amongst vs, *Qui nil potest sperare desperet nihil.*

*Prof.* Faith M. Doctor thats euen I, my hopes are smal, and my dispaire shal be as little. Brother, sister, brother what cloudy, cloudy? *and will nee sunshine on these lookes appeare*, well since there is such a tempest towarde, ile be the porpuis, ile daunce: wench be of good cheare, thou hast a cloake for the rayne yet, where is he? S'hart how now, the picture of the prodigal, go to ile haue the calfe drest for you at my charges.

*Lo.se.* Well sonne *Lorenzo*, this dayes worke of yours hath much deceiued my hopes, troubled my peace, and stretcht my patience further then became the spirite of dutie.

*Cle.* Nay Gods pitie signior *Lorenzo* you shal vrge it no more come since you are here, ile haue the disposing of all, but first signior *Giulliano* at my request take your cloake agayne.

*Giu.* Well sir I am content.

*Cle.* Stay now let me see, oh signior Snow-liuer I had almost forgotten him, and your *Genius* there, what doth he suffer for a good conscience to? doth he beare his crosse with patience.

*Mu.* Nay they haue scarse one cros between thē both to beare.

*Clem.* Why doest thou know him, what is he? what is he?

*Muf.* Marry search his pocket sir, and thele shew you he is an Author sir.

*Cle. Dic mihi musa virum*: are you an Author sir, giue me leaue a little, come on sir, ile make verses with you now in honor of the Gods, and the Goddesses for what you dare *extempore*; and now I beginne.

*Mount thee my Phlegon muse, and testifie,*
*How Saturne sitting in an Ebon cloud,*
*Disrobd his podex, white as iuorie,*
*And through the welkin thundred all aloud.* theres for you sir.

*Prof.* Oh he writes not in that height of stile.

*Clem.* No: weele come a steppe or two lower then.

*From Catadupa and the bankes of Nile,*
*Where onely breedes your monstrous Crocodile:*
*Now are we purposd for to fetch our stile.*

*Prof.* Oh too farre fetcht for him still maister Doctor:

*Clem.* I, say you so, lets intreat a sight of his vaine then?

*Prof.* Signior, maister Doctor desires to see a sight of your vaine, nay you must not denie him.

*Cle.* What; al this verse, body of me he carries a whole realme; a common wealth of paper in his hose, lets see some of his subiects.

*Vnto the boundlesse ocean of thy bewtie,*
*Runnes this poore riuer, charg'd with streames of zeale,*
*Returning thee the tribute of my dutie:*
*Which here my youth, my plaints, my loue reueale.*

Good? is this your owne inuention?

*Mat.* No sir, I translated that out of a booke, called *Delia*.

*C.* Oh but I wold see some of your owne, some of your owne.

*Mat.* Sir; heres the beginning of a sonnet I made to my mistresse.

*Clem.* That that: who? to *Madonna Hesperida* is she your mistresse.

*Prof.* It pleaseth him to call her so, sir.

*Clem. In Sommer time when* Phœbus *golden rayes.*

You translated this too? did you not?

*Prof.* No this is inuention; he found it in a ballad.

*Mat.* Fayth sir, I had most of the conceite of it out of a ballad indeede.

*Clem.* Conceite, fetch me a couple of torches, firha,
I may ſee the conceite: quickly? its very darke?
*Giu.* Call you this poetry?
*Lo.iu.* Poetry? nay then call blaſphemie, religion;
Call Diuels, Angels; and Sinne, pietie:
Let all things be prepoſterouſly tranſchangd.
*Lo ſe.* Why how now ſonne? what? are you ſtartled now?
Hath the brize prickt you? ha? go to; you ſee,
How abiectly your Poetry is ranckt, in generall opinion.
*Lo.iu.* Opinion, O God let groſſe opiniõ ſinck & be damnd
As deepe as *Barathrum*,
If it may ſtand with your moſt wiſht content,
I can refell opinion and approue,
The ſtate of poeſie, ſuch as it is,
Bleſſed, æternall, and moſt true deuine:
Indeede if you will locke on Poeſie,
As ſhe appeares in many, poore and lame,
Patcht vp in remnants and olde worne ragges,
Halfe ſtarud for want of her peculiar foode:
Sacred inuention, then I muſt conferme,
Both your conceite and cenſure of her merrite,
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the maieſtie of arte,
Set high in ſpirite vvith the precious taſte,
Of ſweete philoſophie, and vvhich is moſt,
Crownd vvith the rich traditions of a ſoule,
That hates to haue her dignitie prophand,
With any reliſh of an earthly thought:
Oh then how proud a preſence doth ſhe beare.
Then is ſhe like her ſelfe fit to be ſeene,
Of none but graue and conſecrated eyes:
Nor is it any blemiſh to her fame,
That ſuch leane, ignorant, and blaſted wits,
Such brainleſſe guls, ſhould vtter their ſtolne wares
With ſuch aplauſes in our vulgar eares:
Or that their ſlubberd lines haue currant paſſe,
From the fat iudgements of the multitude,

But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,
And a true Poet: then which reuerend name,
Nothing can more adorne humanitie. *Enter with torches.*

*Clem.* I *Lorenzo*, but election is now gouernd altogether by the influence of humor, which insteed of those holy flames that should direct and light the soule to eternitie, hurles foorth nothing but smooke and congested vapours, that stifle her vp, & bereaue her of al sight & motion. But she must haue store of *Ellebore*, giuen her to purge these grosse obstructions: oh thats well sayd, giue me thy torch, come lay this stuffe together. So, giue fire? there, see, see, how our Poets glory shines brighter, and brighter, still, still it increaseth, oh now its at the highest, and now it declines as fast: you may see gallants, *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Well now my two Signior out sides, stand foorth, and lend me your large eares, to a sentence, to a sentence: first you signior shall this night to the cage, and so shall you sir, from thence to morrow morning, you signior shall be carried to the market crosse, and be there bound: and so shall you sir, in a large motlie coate, with a rodde at yo ur girdle; and you in an olde suite of sackcloth, and the ashes of your papers (saue the ashes sirha) shall mourne all day, and at night both together sing some ballad of repentance very pitteously, which you shall make to the tune of *Who list to leade and a souldiers life*. Sirha bil man, imbrace you this torch, and light the gentlemen to their lodgings, and because we tender their safetie, you shall watch them to night, you are prouided for the purpose. away and looke to your charge with an open eye sirha.

*Bob.* Well I am armd in soule agaynst the worst of fortune.

*Mat.* Fayth so should I be, and I had slept on it.

*Pe.* I am armd too, but I am not like to sleepe on it.

*Muf.* Oh how this pleaseth me. *Exeunt.*

*Clem.* Now Signior *Thorello, Giulliano, Prospero, Bianca.*

*Step.* And not me sir.

*Clem.* Yes and you sir: I had lost a sheepe and he had not bleated, I must haue you all friends: but first a worde with you

you young gallant, and you Lady.

*Giu.* Wel brother *Prospero* by this good light that shines here I am loth to kindle fresh coles, but and you had come in my walke within these two houres I had giuen you that you should not haue clawne of agayne in hast, by Iesus I had done it. I am the arrenst rogue that euer breathd else, but now beshrew my hart if I beare you any malice in the earth.

*Pros.* Fayth I did it but to hould vp a iest: and helpe my sister to a husband. but brother *Thorello*, and sister, you haue a spice of the yealous yet both of you, (in your hose I meane,) come do not dwell vpon your anger so much, lets all be smoth fore headed once agayne.

*Tho.* He playes vpon my fore head, brother *Giulliano*, I pray you tell me one thing I shall aske you: is my foreheade any thing rougher then it was wont to be.

*Giu.* Rougher? your forehead is smoth enough man.

*Tho.* Why should he then say? be smoth foreheaded,
Vnlesse he iested at the smothnesse of it?
And that may be; for horne is very smoth;
So are my browes? by Iesu, smoth as horne?

*Bia.* Brother had he no haunt thether in good fayth?

*Pros.* No vpon my soule.

*Bia.* Nay then sweet hart: nay I pray the be not angry, good faith ile neuer suspect theeany more, nay kisse me sweet musse.

*Tho.* Tell me *Biancha*, do not you play the woman with me.

*Bia.* Whats that sweete hart.

*Tho.* Dissemble?

*Bia.* Dissemble?

*Tho.* Nay doe not turne away: but say I fayth was it not a match appoynted twixt this old gentleman and you?

*Bia.* A match.

*Tho.* Nay if it were not, I do not care: do not weepe I pray thee sweete *Biancha*, nay so now? by Iesus I am not iealous, but resolued I haue the faythfulst wife in *Italie*.

*For this I finde where iealousie is fed,*
*Hornes in the minde, are worse then on the head.*

*See what a droue of hornes flie in the ayre,*
*Wing'd with my cleanſed, and my credulous breath:*
*Watch them ſuſpicious eyes, watch where they fall,*
*See ſee, on heades that thinke they haue none at all.*
*Oh what a plenteous world of this will come,*
*When ayre raynes hornes, all men beſure of ſome.*

*Clem.* Why thats well, come then: what ſay you are all agreed? doth none ſtand out.

*Prof.* None but this gentleman: to whom in my owne perſon I owe all dutie and affection: but moſt ſeriouſly intreate pardon, for whatſoeuer hath paſt in theſe occurrants, that might be contrarie to his moſt deſired content.

*Lo.* Fayth ſir it is a vertue that perſues,
Any faue rude and vncompoſed ſpirites,
To make a fayre conſtruction and indeede
Not to ſtand of, when ſuch reſpectiue meanes,
Inuite a generall content in all.

*Clem.* Well then I coniure you all here to put of all diſcontentment, firſt you Signior *Lorenzo* your cares; you, and you, your iealoſie: you your anger, and you your wit ſir: and for a peace offering, heres one willing to be ſacrifiſed vppon this aulter: ſay do you approue my motion?

*Prof.* We doe ile be mouth for all.

*Clem.* VVhy then I wiſh them all ioy, and now to make our euening happineſſe more full: this night you ſhall be all my gueſtes: where weele inioy the very ſpirite of mirth, and carouſe to the health of this *Heroick* ſpirite, whom to honor the more I do inueſt in my owne robes, deſiring you two *Giulliano*, and *Proſpero*, to be his ſupporters, the trayne to follow, my ſelfe will leade, vſherd by my page here with this honorable verſe. *Claudite iam riuos pueri ſat prata biberunt.*

FINIS.